

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:
A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE NINETEENTH EDITION.

D U B L I N:

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1794.



DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely British Lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bels
Who dances barefoot on the Green.*

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arisin' fastly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
 Or clashes stay the lazy lafs;
 Thir sangs may ward you frae the four,
 And gaily vacant minutes pafs.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
 Rather than plot a tender tongue,
 Treat a' the circling lugs wi' found,
 Sync safely sip when ye have sung.

May happinefs haud up your hearts,
 And warm you lang with loving Sires:
 May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
 In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH, }
 JAN. 1. 1724. }

A. RAMSAY.



PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged, that our Scots Tunes have not lengthened variety of Music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so cheerful, that, on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental Music, there are fifty who content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught: Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new Music imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to Tunes that they know, and can join with in the Chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft

thoughts, after the Poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect Music, which requires none, or very little of the Poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known Tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this miscellaneous Volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of Sense and Music are obliged for some of the best Songs in the Collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering Transcribers and Printers; such as, 'The Gaberlunzie Man, Muirland Willy,' &c. that claim their place in our Collection, for their merry images of the low character.

THIS

THIS twelfth Edition in a few years, and the general demand for the Book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend, Dr. Bannerman, tells me from America,

Nor only do your lays o'er Britain flow,
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse made to a Scottish air,
Are often sung by our Virginian fair.
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
But yield to Last time I came o'er the moor;
Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way
To Mary Scot, Tweed-side, and Mary Gray.

FROM this and another Volume, Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of Scots Songs,) culled his Orpheus Caledonius, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the Songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the by, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious.

list of Subscribers, that most of the Songs were mine, the Music abstracted.

IN my Compositions and Collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and air of the fine singer might meet with no affront, the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now, little books, go your ways; be assured of favourable reception where-ever the sun shines on the free-born cheerful Briton; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes! You are to live too as long as the Song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your ashes only with the Odes of Horace. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand editions? Happy volumes! you are secure, but I must yield; please the Ladies, and take care of my fame.

In

PREFACE.

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In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,
I'll smile through life; and, when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full found.

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Beginning with the first Line of every Song.

*The Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c.
are new Words by different Hands ; X, the
Authors unknown ; Z, old Songs ; Q, old
Songs with Additions.*

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THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green !
Sweet taste the peach and cherry :
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry ;
But finest colours, fruits, and flow'rs,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting ?
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

B

When

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'erhear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.

My Christy !——witness bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for taulk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell you how Peggy grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd



I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornfu' flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender.
 I'll leave the blush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

A N O D E.

Tune—*Polwarth on the Green.*

THO' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwarth Green,
 In various colours shows
 As 'tis by fancy seen:
 Yet all its diff'rent glories lie
 United in the face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd:
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

B 2

Kind

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extacies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

T W E E D S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
 How sweets are her smiles upon Tweed?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say,

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 O! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

S O N G.

Tune—Woe's my heart that we should sunder.

IS Hamilla then my own?
 O! the dear, the charming treasure!
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
 Smiling heaven is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
 Rosy smiles and kindling blushes;
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' Idalian grove,
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
 Spread the downy couch for love,
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
 This fair happy night surround us;
 While a thousand brightly joys
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unfour'd with care or strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!
 While we tread the path of life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

S O N G.

LET'S be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,

How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wife are sway'd by chink.

Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget :
Come let us fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

Fó, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus :
Death, be gone ! here's none but souls.

Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding,
Drinking souls can never die,

Fa, la, ra, &c.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
The truth I tell to you ;
But ay he cries, what'er betide,
Maggy, I fe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, yoth he, be ye withlin,
 I'm come your doughter's love to win,
 I care na for making meikle din,
 What answer gi'e ye me ?
 Now, wooe, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do you win, or in what town !
 I think my doughter winna gloom,
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;
 I scorn to tell a lie :
 Besides, I had frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
 With a fal, dal &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town ;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here ;
 I'm young, and hae enough o'gear ;
 And for my fell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.
 He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree,

The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal, dal, &c,

Your doughter wad na say me na,
 But to your fell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa ;
 Say what'll ye gi'e me wi' her
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;
 Troth I dow do no mair.
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythesome lad and lass ;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mels John ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 There toys and mitches were sae clean,
 They gl' need in our lasses' een,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee ;
 And ay they bobit, and ay they bekt,
 And ay their wames together met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

THE PROMIS'D JOY.

Tune,—*Carl as the King Come.*

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely,
 Raptures will reward our pain,
 And loss result in gain Phely;
 Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
 To despair our thoughts were giv'n,
 Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
 When we meet again Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
 Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
 Suff'ring best our virtue proves,
 And will enhance our loves, Phely, &c.
 When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprise,
 Till its happy hour arise;
 Temper well your love-sick sighs,
 For hope becomes the wife, Phely.
 When we meet again Phely,
 When we meet again Phely,
 Raptures will reward our pain,
 And loss result in gain, Phely.

TO DELIA, ON HER DRAWING HIM
TO HER VALENTINE.Tune,—*Black-Ey'd Susan.*

YE powers! was Damon then so blest,
 To fall to charming Delia's share;
 Delia, the beauteous maid, possess
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?
 Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
 She smiled, and show'd the happy name;
 With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,

I felt and blest the new born-flame
 May softest pleasures careless round her move,
 May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
 That breast where love and graces play,
 O name beyond expression blest ?
 That lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd ! the thought is extacy,
 Who would not wish in paradise to lie ?

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

Tune,—*Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
 And sporting lambkins play,
 When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
 And music wak'd the day ;
 Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love she vew'd no pow'r
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs :
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid ;
 I ro'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
 To fly away as air,
 Another swain with her prevails
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal passion cure ?
 I'll never woo again ;
 All her disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus sighing with his pain ;

But

But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah ! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
 Do not thyself beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a smile.

TO MRS. S. H. ON HER TAKING
 SOMETHING ILL I SAID.

Tune—*Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow :
 That beauteous heav'n ere-while serene ?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean ?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscure in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends :
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten ev'ry grace ;
 Who can the double pain endure ?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet

Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
 The swain come o'er the hill
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me .
 I met him with good will.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
 While his flock near me lay :
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
 O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by :
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
 He staw my heart : Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie uselefs by.
 O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there ;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

T O C H L O E.

Tune—*I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely maid ! how dear's thy pow'r ?
 At once I love, at once adore :
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine ;
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy :
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.

But

But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid;
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS
IN CHLOE'S BREAST.

Tune—*The Fourteenth of October.*

YE gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloë's breast !
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd ?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloë's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloë, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee ! Were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are,
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade :
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

SONG

SONG FOR A SERENADE.

Tune—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove
 My boasted flame sincere :
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
 To bribe my soul to rest,
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can Strephon find repose,
 If Chloe is not there?
 For ah! no peace his bosom knows;
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high
 With-holds his chearful ray,
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,
 And give me more than day.

L.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
 warms ;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
 Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 E'er ye let Strephon know
 That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
 That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came
 by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew
 nigh;
 But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns, did he cry,
 Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.
 Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art,
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
 Ah then is Chloris dead,
 Wounded by me! he said,
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head;
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning. X.

TO MRS. A. H. ON SEEING HER AT
 A CONCERT.

Tune—*The Bonniest Lass in a' the World.*

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures.
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.
 O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish;
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee. 2. C.

THE

THE BONNY SCOT.

Tune—*The Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man :

In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 E'er I could for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man,

Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,

While strangers to its passion,
 Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hast to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.

Love gies the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, my bonny Scot—man.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own tune.

NANCY's to the green wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,

And

And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny or my aunty
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 Lang kail and ranty tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped flocks four butter'd well;
 And was na that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard;
 A ha' house and a pantry:
 A good blue bonnet on his head;
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
 And ay until the day he dy'd
 He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
 Wad ye compare ye'rsell to me?
 A docken till a tansie?
 I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like fugar-candy.

Wow Nancy what needs a' this-din?
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy:
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome Willy?

My

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet he may tak it on my word
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye ?
 Sae had ye'r tongue and sae nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

S L I G H T E D N A N C Y .

Tune—The Kirk wad let me be.

'TIS I have seven brae new gowns,
 And ither seven better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new gowns
 My wooer has tnrn'd his back.
 Besides I have seven milk-ky,
 And Sandy he has but three ;
 And yet for a' my good kye,
 The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dykes,
 My mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodge lass,
 And the filler comes linkan in ;
 The fillar comes linkan in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !
 What ails the lads at me ?

When ever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in :

But

But never a ane will come in,
Though mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the house I rin
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad with muckle gear.
When I was at my neist pray'rs,
I pray'd but now and than,
I fash'd na my head about gear,
If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
I pray on baith night and day,
And O ! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And Oh ! and what'll come o' me !
And O ! and what'll I do ?
That sic a braw lassie as I
Should die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANCY.

Tune—*Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops in fast Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While fangs abound and sense is scarce,
These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delited.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimfon will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.

I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love
 With roses eke and lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amais't forgot
 My mistress and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unko' fault I wat ;
 But Nancy 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' ryme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
 Thy runckled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy half shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fuel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love or grace, or heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Driest wood will eitheft low,
 And Nancy fae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither hard wad do ;
 Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable Nancy.

But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a stand ring tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.

Leeze me on thy, &c.

Q.

A SCOTS

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The Tune after an Italian Manner.

COMPOSED BY SIGNIOR LORENZO BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Johnny faintly teld fair Jean his mind;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;
 He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live, but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain;
 Ah! should a breast fae fast as yours
 Contain a heart of stane?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love:
 He in return thus sang his rising joy.
 Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the power to pine;
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

THE TOAST.

Tune,—*Saw ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,

Venus

Venus loves nae dwining
 Let's be blyth and free,
 Away with dull, Here ty'e, Sir;
 Ye're mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.

MAGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain Tune.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And Magie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her:
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting shot;
 And syne came ben the lass
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand;

But

But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The lasfs bound in her snood,
 And Crummie who kens her stake:
 With an auld beddin o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gaw'n the gither,
 A house is butt and benn,
 And Crummie will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither!
 We have nouthier pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer:
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The tane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal:
 With ane auld kift made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare:
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 An' thae's but borrowed boots,

And

And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my coots :
 The cloak is Geordy Wat's,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll make na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had,
 O' gear that was my ain ;
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither :
 Content am I quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed ;
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An' they cudl'd it a' the gither.

S O N G.

Tune.—Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty.

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,

Leave kindred and friends for me :

Assur'd thy servant is steddly

To love, to honour, and thee.

The gifts of nature and fortune

May fly by chance as they came ;

They're grounds the destinies sport on,

But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,

Thy charms so heavenly appear,

That other beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my dear.

And shou'd life's sorrows embitter,

The pleasure we promis'd our loves,

To share them together is fitter,
Than moan afunder, like doves.

O! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms!
By thee to be grasp'd and killed,
And live on thy heaven of charms;
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

S O N G.

Tune,—*The bonny grey-ey'd Morning.*

CELESTIAL muses, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays,
Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,
In lofty sounds her beauties praise:
How undesigning she displays
Such scenes as ravish with delight;
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will nor can her harm,
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that could charm.
Go, Venus, use your fav'rite wile,
As she is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her smile
And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
Then shall alternate life and death,
My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe,
Betwixt each am'rous fond caress.

O.
S O N G

S O N G.

Tune,—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the pow'r of love,
 By Nell's resistless charms,
 The fancy fixt no more can rove,
 Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
 All traps by Cupid laid,
 Until his freedom was undone
 By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
 And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
 What Cupid has begun,
 May faithful Hymen take a care
 To see it fairly done.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Logan Water.**Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face,
 Not with a hateful step pursue,
 As age to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy
Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

A SOUTH SEA SANG.

Tune,—For our lang biding here.

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising stocks to buy a skair :
We dastly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear ;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa' ;
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a' :
If ye gang near the South-Sea house,
The whilly-wha's will grip your gear,
Synae a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTI- COAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain ;
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm :
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.

But

But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
Oh! turn and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the pow'rs of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

Tune,—*Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving, and bonny was she?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee—
O as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Anie the spleen?
Can tying of trifles be uneasy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from these een
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new manto or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee cottie, though never fae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hopes of purchasing thine?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover wha doats upon thee,

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away fastly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
 To rival my love and impole upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to centre in thee.

THE BOB OF DUMBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
 Hasten ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
 Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.
 Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dumblane.

The

The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowy wi' lying my lane,
 Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
 And try with me the Bob of Damblane.

SONG.—COMPLAINING OF ABSENCE.

Tune,—*My Apron Deary.*

AH, Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return,
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away:
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
 These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits en-
 thron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his influence round,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz-
 ed,
 Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I
 gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair;
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;
 O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.

S O N G.

Tune—*I fix'd my Fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying ?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign ;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure :
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

S O N G

Tune,—*I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
 Will you never ease my pain ?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature ?
 Must I always love in vain ?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue ;
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you ;
 For a lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befitting ?
 Will my dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your

Your neglect with torment fills me,
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
 Pray, consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

T H E R E P L Y.

IN vain fond youth; thy tears give o'er,
 What more, alas! can Flavia do?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
 All are not happy that are true.
 Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any power,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.
 But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure. X.

T H E R O S E I N Y A R R O W.

Tune,—*Mary Scott.*

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart my own secure;
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
 No ransom take for Mary's slave?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair:

This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
I'd ask to lie in Mary's breast ;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtiers' fate ;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'd wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow. C.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG,—*To its air Tune*

A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confess in a morning early,
" In what, my dear, art thou to blame ?
" Come own it all sincerely."
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.

" Then you to Rome for that must go,
" Their discipline to suffer."

Lake-a-day Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

" No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
" We'll have no double dealing ;

" But if with me you'll repeat the same,
" I'll pardon your past failing."

I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,

I left my love behind me,

Ye Powers! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,

Gazing and chasteely sporting;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,

Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,

Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,

Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,

Where mortal steel may wound me;

Or cast upon some foreign shore,

Where dangers may surround me:

Yet hopes again to see my love,

To feast on glowing kisses,

Shall make my cares at distance move,

In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place

To let a rival enter:

Since she excels in every grace,

In her my love shall center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,

Their waves the Alps shall cover,

On Greenland ice shall roses grow,

Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor

She shall a lover find me;

And that my faith is firm and pure,

Tho' I left her behind me;

Then

Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountain's fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth ;
 Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest rays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;

The

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ew'ning and morn :
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be
fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth ;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great
dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

N A N N Y — O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth,
Kiss and caress my Nanny—O.
She bids more fair t' engage a Jove,
Than Leda did or Danae—O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely—O.
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely—O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannia,

None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O
My lovely charming Nanny—O
I care not though the world know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE'S Goddess in a myrtle grove.
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
While every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bri
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,

With

With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething can please me:

Now dowie I figh on the banks of the burn,

Or throw the wood, ladie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,

When through the wood, ladie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When through the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor till that happy day,

When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
play.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,

And broom bloom'd fair to see;

When Mary was complete fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her eye:

Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move,

To speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the burn, Davie, love,

And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,

That dwelt on this burn side,

And Mary was the bonniest lass,

Just meet to be a bride;

Her

Her cheeks were roſie, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they ſaid !
 His cheek to her's he aſt did lay,
 And with her boſom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully bleſt,
 In yonder vale they lea'd them down ;
 Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
 And naething ſure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
 They lik'd a wawk ſae ſweet ;
 And that they aften ſhou'd return
 Sic pleaſure to renew—
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay ſhall follow you.

C.

S O N G.

Tune—*Gilder Roy.*

AH ! Chlois, cou'd I now but fit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happineſs nor pain,
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that riſing fire
 Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your charms inſenſibly
 To their perfection preſt ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breaſt.

My

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart :
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art :—
 To make a beauty, she.

S O N G

Tune,—*The yellow hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports and attend to my strain ;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs ;
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she cou'd love, whom she cannot admire ;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Tune—*When she came then she bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
Were hypocrisy, paint, and self int'rest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air,
Her outside was orderly, modest and fair;
But her soul was sophisticate, so was her love,
For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Little double guilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know marriage and money together does best:)
But the baggage forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Her's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
I know few of my sex that are worthy my love;
And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

L.

D U M B A R T O N D R U M S.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O,

How happy am I,

When my soldier is by,

While he kisses and blisses his Anny—O!

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,

For his graceful looks do invite me—O:

While guarded in his arms

I'll fear no wars alarms,

Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O

My

My love is a handsome laddie—O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O :
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.
 A soldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O :
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king,
 For ev'ry other care is but slav'ry—O.
 Then I'll be a captain's lady—O ;
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny—O :
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blisses his Anny—O.

A U L D L A N G S Y N E.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Though they return with scars ?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast.
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest
 As I was lang syne.
 Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play ;
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you
 Each object makes me gay :
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.
 Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,

Who

Who can esteem such slavery great
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blythe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung :

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy !
 Which makes me now, alas ! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes ;
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time
 With glad surprise—with glad surprise.
 Some God had led him to the grove ;
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

AS from a rock past all relief,
 The ship wreck'd Colin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gave unhop'd surprise ;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;

Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying ;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying :
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose :
Why should we the happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty :
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear,
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter ;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
She smiles like a May Morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
With ilka grace she can command ;
Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances ;
She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,
She kills whent'er she dances :

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies :
 Wae's me for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JOHNNY.

THO' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve
 thee :
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Johnny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer
 If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye :
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the high er.
 Leave thee leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;
 And

And gin you prove fause, to your fell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid icefhogels hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang withershins ere I deceive thee.

MY DEARIE, IF YOU DIE.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die
If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all women-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.
No new blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can such sweets impart
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.
Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me
 Oh! never rob them from those arms:
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

C.

MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glass then.
 Keek into the draw well,
 Janet, Janet;
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
 My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a my kin will say and swear
 I drown'd my sell for sin.
 Had the better be the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better be the brae,
 My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
 My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their faults will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the crofs then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horfe then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My Jo Janet.

S O N G.

Tune—*John Anderfon my Jo.*

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
 Since time that truth doth prove ;
 Such distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 That does such ways allow ;
 The first is base, the last is vain :
 May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your part ;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not half that art :
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, [men.
He's the king of good fellows, and the wale of auld
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too ;
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mithers, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree :
They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride :
He shall ly by your side, and kifs you too :
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel ;
His back it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too ;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brags it will buy you a new pan ;
Then, daughter, you shouldna be so ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But Auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear. Q.

S O N G

S O N G.

Tune—Come kiss with me, come clap with me, &c.

PEGGY.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'st done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae their scouling ;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling.
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes ;
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jockey, since thy love's so true ;
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
 Oh ! well's me on the rashes ;
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clashes.

X.

SLEEPY BODY, DROWSY BODY.

SOMNOLENTE, quæso, repente

Vigila, vive, me tange.

Somnolente, quæso, repente

Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiclas,
 Videri solebas,
 Amoris negotiis aptus ;
 At factus maritus,
 In lecto sopitus,
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O sleepy body,
 And drowfy body,
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee ?
 To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snotters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowfy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Q

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :

With

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

O' E R B O G I E.

I will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Though a my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get out her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
 I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits and air :
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lock't up in my arms ;
 I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kiss of Betty and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down

The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown,
 I will awa', &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGY

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing :
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is correspond'g ;
 And wiser men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AT Polwart on the Green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na
 As long as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining
 My sell thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger ;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer :
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good
 morrow,
 The sward of the mead enamell'd with daisies,
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
 sweeter :

'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :
 I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flow'rs that grew so rarely :
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lilly in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he who hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statemen's dang'rous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed :
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie :
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

OF race divine thou needst must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee !

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 O ! for their sake support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can name I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee,
 An thou wert, &c.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.
 An thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers through the night
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a Goddess o'er the green ;
 Were I a king, thou shouldst be queen,
 Nane but mysel aboon thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

THERE'S

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BE- GUILE THEE.

MY sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T' accept of a heart which he designs thee ;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synce for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny ;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting these sweet lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em ;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they should wander,
Gin thou'lt gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e thee my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN,

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't ?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quo' Johny, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er thee lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be. Z.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
Young Colin lay complaining ;
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid
Without hopes of obtaining :
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
Tho' pity cannot move thee ;
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly use him ?
If love's a fault 'tis that alone
For which you should excuse him !
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd the flame,
This fire by which I languish ;
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where every maid invites me ;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only slights me :
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh ! wouldst thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be mended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.

Alas !

Alas ! though it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care ne'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

GENTY TIBBY, AND SONSY NELLY.

Tune,—*Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ?
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast, and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey
 She's bonny ! O I wonder at her !
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear the gither.
 O love ! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
 Our spacious fauls immense delires;
 And ay be in a hankirin swither

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine :
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods, give ear to my petition ;
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the fun's gane out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France,

Up in the air,
 On my bonny gray mare,
 And I see her yet; and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c.

The winds drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon;
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
 The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire

Up in the air,
 It drives away care;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost;
 Come, Willie, gi's about the toft;
 Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there.
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair;
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;

But

But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time:
Then lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-fays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kifs;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I'm very sure
Are of the God's indulgent grant;
Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly times her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :
Red checked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa',
Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu' : hence, ye cares away,
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day :
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day :
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

THE MILL, MILL—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still—O ;
A' lowan wi' love my fancy did rove
Around her with good will—O :
Her bosom I prest ; but sunk in her rest,
She stir'dna my joy to spil—O :
While kindly she slept, clost to her I crept,
And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill—O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
 fame

Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 Iferlying speer'd how she fell—O ;
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O,
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expell—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her deed myfell—O.

My bonny sweet las on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
 If I did offence, I'fe make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the coggin of the wheel—O ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel—O.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

Tune—Woe's my heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words, and down cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender :
 And, parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah ! woe's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go :
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,

Nor

Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder.
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder ;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me though we sunder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her :
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never sunder.

THE GABERLUNZY MAN.

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and good days to me ;
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesy,
Will you lodge a filly poor man ?

The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry would I be ?
And I wad never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'dst gang.
And O ! quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,

I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I wad gang.

Between the twa they made a plot,
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claife ;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gade to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt baith her hands, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane,
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kin, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzy-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again ;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzy-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :
She could na gang, nor yet could she fit,
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheefe a whang :

The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzy-man.

O kenn'd my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill fardly wad she crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzy-man,
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzy on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'd win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzy on.
 I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

L.

THE CORDIAL.

Tune—*Where shall our Goodman lie.*

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Anny lie?
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
 Wad ye a goodman try?
 Is that the thing ye're lacking?

SHE.

Can a lafs fae young as I,
 Venture on the bridal tie,
 Syne down with a goodman lie?
 I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to lie,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

What

SHE.

What if I shou'd wauking lie,
 When the hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and dry ?

HE.

In my bosom thou shalt lie,
 When thou waukrife art, or dry,
 Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
 Join us, priest, and let me try,
 How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
 Wha can a cordial give me.

EW E BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ewe bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ;
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her eye ;
 And fain wad I marry my Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame,
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion ;
 But nane of them lo's like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;
 A cow, and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day ;

And

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green :
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion.
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean ;
 Sae put on your parlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramafe ;
 And as soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

Q.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 The las wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
 Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Saney the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will bow'd legged Robbie,
 With thumplefs Katy's goodman
 And there will blue cheeked Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessy did mool,

With

With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The las that stands aft on the stool.
 Fy, let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his a—e,
 Who after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :
 And there will be gleed Georgy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lilly white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' sae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
 And there will be happer-a—'d Nanfy,
 And fairy fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grify,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shin'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 The lads and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scaldlips to sup till ye spew.
 Fy let us, &c.

E

And

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,
 With swats, and well scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flocks that were taken alive.
 Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there,
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
 The lafe wi' the gowden hair.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND-EDINBURGH KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street my jo ?
 My miltrefs in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wisht a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome town a while :
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile :
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.
 Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,

We'll

We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk your brow :
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog :
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast and flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower ;
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

K A T Y ' s A N S W E R .

MY mither's ay glowran owre me,
 Though she did the same before me ;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I take your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
 Then Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty,
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer,
 To twin wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag well o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ?
 O my bonny, bonny highland laddie ;
 My handsome, charming highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose
 To be the wealthiest lawland laddie,
 I'd take young Donald without trows,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrow's-town,
 In a' his airs, which art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me wi' his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lads,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,

While

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN WATER;

Or, my love Anny's very bonny.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Anny kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Anny,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Anny;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely nymph reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, Why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Anny.

C.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSY.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wond'rous bonny,
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and mony .
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean,
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lily,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis nae your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says 'tis my duty
 To wear what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

WHERE

WHERE HELEN LIES.

To in mourning.

AH! Why those tears in Nelly's eyes !
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind ;
 Wounded I sigh for thee ;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by Hymen's ties,
 To lay me down where Helen lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by ?
 No ; she can love, and I'll go try
 Whate'er my fate may be,
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

SONG.—Tune—*Gallowshiels*.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her :

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm, whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still in my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

TO L. M. M.—Tune—*Ranting roaring Willy.*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious
 Clear wit and good humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate angels;
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence-like me:

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd, on land skips on shore:
 Be still more divine and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.

For,

For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

THIS IS NOT MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't ;
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

FINT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

RETURN hameward, my heart again,
 And bide where thou wast wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain,
 For love of ane that loves not thee :
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause ;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect shouldst thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free-will,

My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill :

At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,

And let the filly fling her fill,

For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,

She's of a kind with mony mae ;

For why, they are a felon menzie

That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae

For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason yied ;

Remember how young Cressida

Left Troilus for Diomede ;

Remember Helen, as we read,

Brought Troy from blis unto bare waws :

Then let her gae where she may speed,

For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,

But was beguil'd ; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first takes care :

But be thou merry late and air,

This is the final end and clause,

And let her feed and fooly fair,

For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'ee dunt again within my breast,

Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,

Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,

She's fairest paid that gets her will.

She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,

When she glaicks paughty in her brows ;

Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,

For sint a crum of thee she faws.

TO MRS E. C.—Tune—*Sae merry as we have
been.*

NOW Phœbus advances on high,
Nae footsteps of winter are seen :
The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies fae clear,
We wander for pleasure and health,
Where buddings and blossoms appear,
Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
That are, and that promise to be ;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they out-rival the grove ;
When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of maist delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breast are outshin'd,
Their tinctures are naething fae true.
What can compare with thy voice ?
And what with thy humour fae sweet ?
Nae music can bless with sic joys ;
Sure angels are just fae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine ;
Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
Being mixt with fae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given sic charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms !
And make her hours happily flow.

MY DADDY FORBAD, MY MINNY FOR-
BAD.

WHEN I think on my lad,
I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far frae me.
My daddy was harsh,
My minny was warse,
That gart him gae 'yont the sea,
Without an estate,
That made him look blake ;
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin safe he come hame,
In spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
Of parents o'er wise,
That have but ane bairn like me,
That looks upon cash,
As naething but trash,
That shackles what shou'd be free.
And though my dear lad,
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he ;
Albiet I'am an heirefs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth sight of thee
Though my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be
For since thou alone
My favour has won,
None else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet

Yèt them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune—Steer her up, and haud her gawn.

O STEER her up, and haud her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books,
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou, as ever it can hold.
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold :
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

CLOUT

CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come from Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the Lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her cauldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For lady fair, though I appear
 To ev'ry ane a tinkler,
 Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinker under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

THE MALT MAN.

THE malt-man comes on Monday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :
 For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.—Tune—*Bessy's Haggier*.

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.
 Bonny Bessy, thee alane
 Love I, naething else but thee ;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.
 Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd ;

He

He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must entice a thousand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

AS I went forth to view the spring
 Which Flora had adorned
 In raiment fair ; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned :
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamour ;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver,
 Ah ! Jeany's face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days ;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets shine,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I ran in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, though Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which Gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder :
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book, where he's to look,
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

THE AULD WIFE BEYONT THE FIRE.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith but and ben,
To find their mam a snishing.

The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld.
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll haste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can haud nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langar live in dump,
By wanting of my snishing,

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat ;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a snifhing.
The auld wife &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gum fae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snifhing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snifhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thought of snifhing :
Else like this wife beyond the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire ;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snifhing

Note. Snifhing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco ; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :

For

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should only be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me :
Or committees if thou erect;
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

THE BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Saying, My blackbird most royal is flown.

My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburdened with sad misery
 Yet, if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My blackbird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king ;

But since that false fortune,
 Which is still uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me,
 His name I'll advance,
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my blackbird, wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;
 And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.

He's all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure ;
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
 Who are constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind,
 All bliss on my blackbird, wherever he be.

In England my blackbird and I met together,
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart,
 Ah ! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In Scotland he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd,

In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;
 Yet his fame shall remain,
 In France and in Spain ;
 All blifs to my blackbird, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my blackbird has taken,
 Then fighting and fobbing will be all my tune ;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
 For him thro' the fire,
 Thro' mud and thro' mire,
 I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of mind,
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
 Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
 More than of one that in Britain is born.
 I pray heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet joy and renown,
 And laurels shall crown
 My blackbird with honour, wherever he be.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YOU,

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snow on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loves nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wat the bairn's mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;

Get

Get up, good man, it is fou' time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown ;
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was a king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly ?
 While I sit hurklen in the afe,
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now, they are women-grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be :
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :

Nought's

Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE QUADRUPE ALLIANCE.

Tune—*Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their fangs by day,
 And read their tales by night.
 If frae their books I be,
 'Tis dulness then with me ;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please,
 Bright Sandy gladly sings
 Of heroes, Gods, and kings:
 He well deserves the bays,
 And every Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
 Youg, with Horatian flame,
 Corrects those false designs
 We push in love of fame.
 Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
 Makes villains, clowns, and swains
 Reprove, with biting leer,
 Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Long may you give delight ;
 Let all the dunces bray,
 You're far above their spite :
 Such, from a malice sour,
 Write nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For, who the trash will read ?

TO CLARINDA.

Tune—*I wish my Love were in a Mine.*

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid;
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
Strove to enchant the amorous king;
But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bird to sing.
Clarinda thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays,
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint surpasses human skill:
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will.
Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.—Tune—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've many days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers, attending on weir,
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

F

Though

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame.
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gaed down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fa'en in a strife,
 I canna well tell you how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The cou-try kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end,
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinken eye, and gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light o' day;
 The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman

F 2

SONG.

SONG.—Tune,—*Valiant Jockey.**On a beautiful, but very young Lady.*

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.
 But had the great Apelles seen that face,
 When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
 In that design,
 Great nature would combine
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
 And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious art,
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart;
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes would inspire,
 And like Prometheus' fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire;
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and fly
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The god of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arms furrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpen'd dart at every hair.

As with a fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill;
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore.

LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

GI'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And bloom alane is na worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection;
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointun'd widows.

THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THE shepherd Adonis
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement
 To the woods did resort.

He threw by his club,
 And he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree;
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no nymph,
 Though never fae fair,
 Had nae love nor ambition,
 And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus
 In an ev'ning fae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice
 Sounded fast in his ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,
 Where bonny Aminta
 Sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way,
 And found wha was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her fae fair.
 He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him:
 But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Appear in his face,
 With blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 Oh shepherd! what want ye,
 How came you this way?

His

His spirits reviving,
 He to her reply'd,
 I ne'er was so surpris'd
 At the sight of a maid,
 Until I beheld thee,
 From love I was free :
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

THE COMPLAINT—TO B. I. G.

Tune—*When absent, &c.*

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear ;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy day and night
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd to lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes, all fire.
 When to mysel I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.

THE YOUNG LASS CONTRA AULD MAN.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
 And his beard new shav'n,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carl trows that I would hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
 For a' his beard new shav'n,
 Ne'er a bit I winna hae him.
 A siller brooch he gae me neist,
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,
 I wou'd a wee upon my breast;
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae faut but ane;
 For he has land and dollars plenty;
 But wae's me for him! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man with them?

But shou'd my cankard daddy gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.

Howt

Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE AND WIT—*The Preservative of Love
 and Beauty.*—Tune—*Killikranky.*

HE.

CONFESS thy love, fair blushing maid,
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na-says no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying?
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind careffing.
 Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover ;
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you design, by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination,
 That Willy-Wisp beguiles us a'
 By its infatuation.
 When that goes out, careffes tire,
 And love's na mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire
 With all our boasted reason.

HE.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection ;
 charms, like thine, maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.

Virtue and wit, like April rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow completer.

SONG.—Tune—*The happy Clown.*

IT was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein,
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
 Drest in her best array.

The gentle winds, and purling stream,
 Assay'd to whisper Chloe's name,
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody,
 They act a cheerful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow,
 To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And Forth that foam'd and roar'd ere while,

Glides

Glides calmly down and smooth as oil,
Through all its charming crooks

The finny squadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All frisk and dance, if she but sing.
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skip'd into the wood.

LADY ANNE, BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.

Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But smile not 'as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
 In time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesy:
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst;
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young mens flattery I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find
 They are all perjur'd and unkind;
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap,
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved smart,

Who

Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has play'd ;
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
 Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
 Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding sheet.
 Ah me ! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Balow,

Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

SHE RAISE AND LOOT ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood agham'd;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
And fighting fat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd just e'en like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin:
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part:
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart,

But

But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :

Thus all was well again ;

And now she thanks the happy time

That e'er she loot me in.

Z.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?

If a bitter, O tell me whence comes this content ?

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,

That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.

ut oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does
prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love,

When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms ?

How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms

Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love

'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :

And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield.

For 'tis beauty that conquers and wins the fair field.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man, John Ochiltree,

Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,

Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,

And dance as thou was wont to do ?

Alake, alake, I wont to do !

Ohon, ohon, I wont to do !

Now wont to do's away frae me,

Frae filly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest

Honest man, John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do:
 Alake, alake! I dow to do!
 Walaways! I dow to do!
 To whoft and hirple o'er my tree,
 My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade fae fast by sea and land;
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand;
 Thou'd tine thy beast, thyfel wad die,
 My filly auld John Ochiltree.
 Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
 And cheer me up to hear thee sing;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree:
 Hae done! it has nae fa'r wi' me.
 I'll fet the beast in throw the land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand;
 Even sit down there and drink thy fill,
 For I'll do as I want to do still. Z.

SONG—Tune—*Jenny beguil'd the Wabster.*

The auld Chorus.

Up stairs, down stairs,
 Timber stairs fear me.
 I'm laith to lie a' night my lane,
 And Johnny's bed fae near me.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
 I winna keep; for in my sleep
 I start and dream of Johnny:
 When Johnny then comes down the glen
 To woo me, dinna hinder;
 But with content gi' your consent,
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better

Better to marry than miscarry,
 For shame and skaith's the clink o't;
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
 I downa bide to think o't;
 Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
 That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
 With haunches fow, and een sae blew,
 Ta a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
 But when the word's gane thro' the town,
 Alake! how can she mend it?
 Now Tam maun face the minister,
 And she maun mount the pillar:
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor folk has nae filler.

Now ha'd your tongue, my daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly mither,
 Get Johny's hand in haly band,
 Syne wap your wealth together.
 I'm o' the wind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a wife will gar his life
 And barrel run right sweetly.

SONG.—Tune—*Wat ye waha I met yestreen, &c.*

OF all the birds whose tuneful throats
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,
 I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
 Brought from the far Canary coast,
 Nor can the nightingale afford
 Such melody as she can boast.

When Phœbus southward darts his fires,
 And on our plains he looks askance,
 The nightingale with him retires,
 My Stirling makes my blood to dance.

In spite of Hymen's nipping frost,
 Whether the day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her health entoast,
 Who makes it summer all the year ?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
 I'll stroke thy back, and kifs thy breast :
 And if you'll take my honest word,
 As sacred as before the priest,
 I'll bring thee where I will devise
 Such various ways to please thee,
 The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
 When on the downy hills with me.

SONG.—*To its own Tune.*

IN January last,
 On Munanday at morn,
 As through the fields I past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 And glancing in her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow ;
 I said, Good-morrow, fair maid,
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
 Good day, sweet sir, to you.
 I spear'd, my-dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company ;
 For I'm ganging straight that gate
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to her, My dow,
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kifs your bonny mou' ?

SHE.

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mistane ;
 For I am nane of these ;
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle womens claife :
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs my bonny mou'.

HE

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mare to say :
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the play ;
 And chuse another with respect
 My love and on me rew,
 And let me clasp her round the neck,
 And kifs her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, you are proud hearted,
 And laith to be said nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say;
 For women in their modesty,
 At first they winna bow :
 But if we like your company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

SONG.—Tune—*I'll never leave thee more.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 Stay dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me ?
 Alas ! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shouldst leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy sake
 Yet never leave thee.

Say,

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that has griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish sooth ?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O ! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where should my Adonis fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH TO LONG- MASTON MOOR.

MARCH, march,
 Why the d—— do ye na march ?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order,
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till you come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain,
 The parliament blyth to see us a coming.
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,

Frae Popish reliëts, and a' sic innovations,
 That a' the warld may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the fark of God ;
 And the kist fou of whistles,
 That make sic a cleiro,
 Our pipers braw
 Shall hae them a'
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets,
 March, march, &c.

SONG—Tune—*I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
 My dearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
 Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away ;
 Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover sae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate,
 That gave me a being without an estate,
 Which lays a necessity now upon me
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
 Then Johnny be counsell'd nae longer to stray ;
 For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
 Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

HE.

HE.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
 A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
 To fondness which may prove ruin to thee,
 A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
 Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow : /
 There we will sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while laverocks sing the morning ;
 There learn frae turtle to prove true ;
 O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I softly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

CORN

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking ;
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spoke,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he would be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony,
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair.

Have

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree,
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be?
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat;
 For covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me:
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequies:
 The courteous Red breast he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee,
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

SONG.—*We'll a' ta Kelfo go.*

AN I'll awa to bonny Tweed side,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he fall be mine,
 Gif sae he incline,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

 While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure my fell in a jo ;
 I'm no sic a fool
 To let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead apes below.

 Few words, bonny lad,
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' lushing, I daftly say, no,
 Gae on with your strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

 Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow :
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead apes below.

 Our time is precious,
 And Gods are gracious
 That beauties upon us bestow :
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for nought
 Or to be set up for a show.

 'Tis carried b y votes,
 Come kilt up your coats,
 And let us to Edinburgh go,
 Where she that's bonny
 May catch a Johnny,
 And never lead apes below.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

An old Ballad,

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn
 Clad in a wint'ry cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown ;
 Such is the robe that kings must wear
 When death hath reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake !—she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave ;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret fears of night,
 To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.

How

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
 Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witlefs maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
 These lips no longer red;
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And ev'ry charm is fled.

Thy hungry worm my sister is;
 This winding sheet I wear;
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
 A long and late adieu!
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glist'ring head;
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb;
 Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore:
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

D. M.

THE

THE COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western cloud was lin'd with gold :
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;
 When in the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
 From the hard rock or oozy beech ;
 Who from each weed that barren grows,
 Expects the grape or downy peach ?
 With equal faith may hope to find,
 The truth of love in womankind

No flocks have I, nor fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain.
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold !
 They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ;—
 Thus I am scorn'd,—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
 What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
 Yet India's shore should never boast ;
 The lustre of thy rival eyes ;
 For there the world too cheap must prove ;
 Can I then buy ?—who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more ;
 Than gems or ore a heart sincere :
 Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

X.

SONG.

SONG.—Tune—*Montrose' Lines.*

I TOST and tumble through the night,
 And wish th' approaching day,
 Thinking when darkness yields to light,
 I'll banish care away ;
 But when the glorious sun doth rise,
 And cheers all nature round,
 All thought of pleasure in me dies ;
 My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
 Bereaves me of my rest ;
 My thoughts are all to pleasure blind,
 With care I'm still oppress'd :
 But had I her within my breast,
 Who gives me so much pain,
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
 And softest joys regain.

I'd envy not the god of war,
 Blest with fair Venus' charms,
 Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
 In fair Alcmena's arms :
 Paris, with Helen's beauty blest,
 Would be a jest to me ;
 If of her charms were I possess'd,
 Thrice happier would I be.

But since the gods do not ordain
 Such happy fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
 Who rule my destiny.
 With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
 And cherish up my soul ;
 Whene'er I think on my lost fair,
 I'll drown her in the bowl.

I. H. Jamaica.

THE DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
 Young Waty wan my heart ;

G 3

A blyther.

A blyther lad ye couldna see,
 All beauty without art.
 His winning tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief;
 But soon the swain
 Gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.
 Though Colin courts with tunefu' sang,
 Yet few regard his mane:
 The lasses a' 'round Waty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane:
 In Aberdeen
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic' pain.
 He daily wooes,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.
 But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kifs,
 To silly me undone:
 Bonny Katy,
 Maggy, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving swain;
 His wyly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

SWEET SUSAN.—Tune—*Leader-haugh*s.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing;
 When on the bent, with blythe content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,

Nae bonnier lass e'er trode the grafs
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted?
Her smiling een, and comely mein
That nae perfection wanted.

I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But blefs my bonny marrow;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lass! have but the grace
To think, ere ye gae furdur,
Your joys maun slit, if ye commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day afright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow;
Thus none shall be more blest than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

COWDEN-KNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,

Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh! how I bless the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At ev'n amongst the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

SANDY AND BETTY.

SANDY in Edinburgh was born,
As blythe a lad as e'er gade thence;
Betty did Staffordshire adorn
With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had

Had Sandy still remain'd at hame,
 He had not blinkt 'on Betty's smile;
 For why? he caught the gentle flame
 On this side Tweed full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
 Still flourish'd in her native mead:
 He, like the stream, improving yet
 The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray;
 A fountain fix'd by Venus' power
 In his clear bosom, to display
 The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious Anna did unite
 Two jarring nations into one,
 She bade them mutually unite,
 And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
 The rose and thistle bear one stem:
 The thistle be the rose's spear,
 The rose the thistle's diadem.

The queen of Britain's high decree,
 The queen of love is bound to keep;
 Anna the sovereign of the sea,
 Venus the daughter of the deep.

ODE.—TO MRS. A. R.—Tune—*Love's God-
 des in a Myrtle Grove.*

Now spring begins her smiling round,
 And lavish paints th' enamel'd ground;
 The birds now lift their cheerful voice,
 And gay on every bough rejoice:
 The lovely graces hand in hand,
 Knit fast in love's eternal band,
 With early step, at morning dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love;

Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride ;
 While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd consort woos :
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
 Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
 With ruby tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies borne
 Perfume the breezes of the morn :
 The smiling day and dewy night
 To rural scenes my fair invite ;
 With summer sweets to feast her eye,
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
 To profit by th' instructive show,
 Now young and blooming thou appears
 All in the flourish of thy years :
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose
 To every eye the blushing rose ;
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny hours are past,
 Think not the coo'ning scene will last ;
 Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
 Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
 For see the summer flies away,
 Sad emblem of our own decay !
 Now winter from the frozen North
 Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
 Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains.
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of Yare ?
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen
 Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green ;
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
 A snowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting

Frequenting now the stream no more,
 Thou flies displeas'd the frozen shore,
 When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
 Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the fields is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun ;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our joy.
 Happy ! abandon every care,
 To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
 In cities thus with witty friends
 In smiles the hoary season ends.
 But when the lovely white and red
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
 Then wrinkles dire, and age severe,
 Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
 Ah ! must they never cease to charm ?
 Or is there left some pleasing art
 To keep secure a captive heart ?
 Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
 Beauty, thy food, does swift decay ;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
 What is't thy famine can prevent !

Lay in good sense with timely care,
 That love may live on wisdom's fare :
 Though extacy with beauty flies,
 Esteem is born when beauty dies.
 Happy the man whom fates decree
 Their richest gift in giving thee ;
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
 Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE II.—TO W. D.

Tune—*Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY, ne'er inquire what end
 The Gods for thee or me intend ;
 How vain the search, that but bestows
 The knowledge of our future woes ?
 Happier the man who ne'er repines,
 Whatever lot his fate assigns,
 Than they who idly vex their lives
 With wizzards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
 And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
 Whether the fates to thy old score
 Shall bounteous add a winter more,
 Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
 That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
 No more with Home the dance to lead ;
 Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial hour,
 In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
 And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
 Behold, the flying hour is lost,
 For time rides ever on the post,
 Even while to speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
 And live in youth, while best you may ;
 Have all your pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
 Then Willy, be a wanton wag,
 If ye wad please the lasses braw,
 At bridalt then ye'll bear the brag,
 And carry ay the gree awa'.

THE

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her you manna be blate,
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow's she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie !

What could you wish better, your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With naething, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my laddie ?

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesy dead,
 Though stark love and kindness be all ye can plead ;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're four and unco sawcy ;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind

Like my good humour'd highland lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than

'Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak my Katy but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dauty ;
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-patty.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains cled with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling-highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blebs my lassie.

JOCKY BLYTHE AND GAY.

BLYTHE Jocky young and gay
Is all my heart's delight ;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me ;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When

When I and Jocky met
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale.
 You are the las, said he,
 That staw my heart frae me ;
 O ease me of my pain,
 And never shaw disdain.

Well can my Jocky kythe
 His love and courtesy,
 He made my heart full blythe
 When he first spake to me.
 His suit I ill deny'd,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd :
 Sae Jocky promis'd me
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What las that wad be kind
 Can better tell her mind ?

HAUD AWAY FROM ME, DONALD.

O COME away, come away,
 Come away wi' me, Jenny ;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny ;
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That aught shall alter me, Jenny ;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.
 First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny ;
 But now, alas ! you act a part
 That speaks inconstancy, Jenny ;

Incon.

Inconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny :
 It suits not with your virtue nice
 To carry fae to me, Jenny.

O HAUD away, haud away,
 Haud away frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald ;
 Some sickle mistress you may find
 Wilt jilt as fast as thee Donald ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
 But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald ;
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald ;
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.
 First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald ;
 Apparent worth and fair renown
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald ;
 But now the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.
 And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald ;
 For I'll reserve mysel for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald ;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny :

To

To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come away to me, Donald;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

Q.

TODLEN BUTT, AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I've a faxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi's us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sina',
We'll tak a good scour o't and ca't away',

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlet butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when meeting your
mou';

When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
'That 'tis a blythe fight to the bairns and me,

When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.

THE

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

Tune—*Widow, are ye wawking ?*

O WHA'S at my chamber door ?

“ Fair widow are ye wawking ! ”

Auld carl, your suit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight.

Sweet like an April meadow ;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight,

And bosom of a widow.

“ O widow, wilt thou let me in ?

“ I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,

“ And come of a right gentle kin ;

“ I'm little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be—bet youth,

In love you're but a gawky.

“ Then widow let these guineas speak,

“ That powerfully plead clinkan,

“ And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, Sir;

And ten times better can exprels

Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

THE PEREMPTOR LOVER.

Tune—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

'TIS not your beauty nor your wit,

That can my heart obtain ;

For they could never conquer yet,

Either my breast or brain ;

For if you'll not prove kind to me,

And true as heretofore,

Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,

Or doat upon you more.

Think

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind ;
 No smoothed sight, nor smiling frown,
 Can satisfy my mind.
 Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
 Such follies I deride ;
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our actions be as free
 As virtue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be ;
 If fortune chance to change your mind,
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,
 In equal terms do stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my hand.
 Dispense with your austerities,
 Inconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great Cupid's deity,
 I'll never love you more.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

Tune—*The glancing of her Apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang summer day,
 'Till we amass were spoil'd
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?
 Her stockings were of Kersey green,
 As tight as ony silk :
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk :

Her

Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou ;
 Oh ! Jeany daintily can kifs ;
 But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care ;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face,
 May cause mae men to rue.
 And that may gar me say, alas !
 But what's that to you.

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
 And mony a concubine ;
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true,
 His joys were short of mine ;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due ;
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you.

Q.

SONG.—TO THE ABSENT FLORINDA.

Tune—*Queen of Sheba's March.*

COME, Florinda, lovely charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart ;
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
 E'er I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
 If this heart be worth thy care,

Favour'd

Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast affail;
Come and take me to thy bosom,
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimm'ring stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendour more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleasing pain,
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A BACHANAL SONG

Tune—*Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the nymph that I love,
Away, ye vain sorrows away:
Far, far from me, sorrows be gone,
All then shall be pleasant and gay,

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
Come fill up the glasses around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming desire,
My blood with brisk ardour is growing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
Oh fate? had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But

But hold, what has love to do here
 With his troops of vain cares in array ?
 Avaunt, idle pensive intruder,—
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper ;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion.—
 Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee ;
 Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
 Sing Io, sing Io to Bacchus—
 Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw,

Come, what should we do but be jovial ?
 Come tune up your voices and sing ;
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When wine sets our fancies on wing ?

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In seas of white æther I'm drown'd,
 The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
 I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this ?
 Through Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now,—oh my head it is knockt
 Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a star,
 Where am I!—behold the Empyreum,
 With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. O.

TO MRS. A. C.

Tune—*All in the Downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
 The muse can no more cease to sing,

Than

Than can the lark with rising light,
 Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
 The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high
 The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
 Th' inspired thought, and softest lays;
 And kindle in the breast a flame
 Which must be vented in her praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
 E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youths, be watchful of your hearts;
 When she appears, take the alarm:
 Love on her beauty points his darts,
 And wings an arrow from each charm.
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove:
 When such enchanting sweetness shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such flames the foppish butterfly should shun!
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;
 Her lovely features are complete:
 Whilst heav'n indulgent makes her share
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
 Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy town,
 O! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
 Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her name,

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 With his troops of vain cares in array ?
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A PASTORAL SONG.

Tune—*My Apron, Deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, Sandy, let's tune
To praise of the fair:
For, inspir'd by my Susie,
I'll sing in such lays,
That Pan, were he judge,
Must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn,
We ly at our ease,
By a musical stream,
And refresh'd by the breeze
Of a Zephyr so gentle,
Yes, Jamie, I'll try
For to match you and Susie
Dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

O! my Susie so lovely,
She's without compare,
She's so comely, so good,
And so charmingly fair,
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make so complete
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one so meet.

SANDY.

Oh, my Katy's so bright,
She's so witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.

In

In her mein she's so graceful,
 In her humour so free ;
 Sure the gods never fram'd
 A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my Susie been there,
 When the shepherd declar'd
 For the lady of Lemnos,
 She had lost his regard :
 And o'ercome by a presence
 More beautifully bright,
 He had own'd her outdone,
 As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
 Nor all the whole train,
 Either of real beauties,
 Or those poets feign,
 Cou'd be match'd with my Katie,
 Whose ev'ry sweet charm
 May conquer best judges,
 And coldest hearts warm :

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
 Or any thing great,
 Do I ask of the gods,
 But that this be my fate,
 That my Susie to all
 My kind wishes comply :
 For with her wou'd I live,
 And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me Katie,
 And her I enjoy,
 I have all my desires ;
 Nought can me annoy :

H

For

For my charmer has ev'ry
 Delight in such store,
 She'll make me more happy
 Than swain e'er before.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
 And over the waves ;
 Over the fountains,
 And under the groves ;
 Over the floods that are deepest,
 Which do Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to ly ;
 Where there is no space
 For the receipt of a fly :
 Where the midge dare not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 But if love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child in his force,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse ;
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind :
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

You

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fift ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phœnix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

SONG.—Tune—*Through the Wood Laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the Echo resounded the dolorous lay.
 I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppressed,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he strave with his pain.
 Tho' Elisa be coy, why should I complain,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?
 In her high sphere of worth I could never shine ;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?
 No : henceforth esteem shall govern desire,
 And in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection ;
 To shew that self love inflames not my fire,
 And that no other swain can more humbly admire.
 When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
 Then quiet returning,
 Shall hush my sad mourning ;
 And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected:
 Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
 That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.
 May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 And gain her dear favour,
 Know as well as I, what t' Elisa is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.
 Whilst I, disengaged from all amorous cares,
 Sweet liberty tasting,
 On calmest peace feasting,
 Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.
 Ye powers who preside over virtuous love,
 Come aid me with patience,
 To bear my vexations;
 With equal desires, my flutt'ring heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.
 If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
 May courage protect me,
 And prudence direct me;
 Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK.—*A very auld Ballad.*

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast and made her bonny.
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
 She burnit her baith breast and brou,
 And made her clear as ony cloak:
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock

Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down by you;
 Then spak her minny, and said again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you,
 Tehie! quo' Jennay, kick, kick, I see you:
 Minny yon man makes but a mock.

Deil hae the liers—fu' lies me o' you,
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awin:

A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an aere fwain,
 A bake bread and a bannock-stane;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there ben,
 A kame but a kaming-stock;

With coags and luggies nine or ten:
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
 A milsie, and a fowen-pale,

A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
 And a timber mell the bear to knock,
 Twa shelfs made of an auld fir dale:
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furiel, and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a feck,
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
 Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
 And cry'd a feast! and flew a cock,
 And made a bridal upo' hand,
 Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
 I let ye wit she's nae miscarried,
 It's well kend I have gear enough,
 An auld gaw'd gloy'd fell ovr a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withouten owfen I have a pleugh:
 May that no ser your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
 A graith that ganes to cobble shoon,
 And a thrawcruick to twine a teather,
 Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
 A pair of branks and a fetter-lock,
 A teugh purse made of a fwine's blather,
 To had your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to clat the bire,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
 The pannel of an auld led saddle,
 And Rob my eem heckt me a stock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a laddle.
 May thir no gain your Jenny, quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle renzie,
 A fark made of the linkome twine,
 A gay green cloak that will not stenzie ;
 Mair yet in store,—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred slaes, a fendy flock,
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock ?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I'm well bodin :
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin,
 The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;
 The rost was teugh as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

SONG.—Tune—*A rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I HAVE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and a planting on't :
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet a wanting on't :
To

To grace it, and trace it,
 And gi'e me delight ;
 To blefs me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gaug faunt'ring on't.
 My Christy she's charming, and good as she's fair,
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair :
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By Heaven were design'd
 For happier transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.
 For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine :
 Thus freed from laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and cheer me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

SONG.—*To its ain Tune.*

ALTHO' I be but a country lass,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
 And think myself as good as those
 That rich apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
 My skin it is as fast—O,
 As them that satin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft—O.
 What tho' I keep my father's sheep,

'The thing that must be done—O,
 With garlands of the finest flowers,
 To shade me frae the sun—O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where grafs and flowers do spring—O,
 Then on a flowery bank at noon,
 I set me down and sing—O.
 My Paisley piggy cork'd with sage,
 Contains my drink but thin—O,
 No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to sin—O.
 My country curds, and wooden spoon,
 I think them unco fine—O,
 And on a flowery bank at noon,
 I set me down and dine—O,
 Altho' my parents cannot raise
 Great bags of shining gold—O,
 Like them whase daughters now-a-days,
 Like swine are bought and sold—O ;
 Yet my fair body it shall keep
 An honest heart within—O ;
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
 I value not a prin—O.
 I use nae gums upon my hair,
 Nor chains about my neck—O,
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,
 My fingers straight to deck—O ;
 But for that lad to me shall fa' ;
 And I have grace to wed—O,
 I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
 I mean my maiden-head—O,
 If canny fortune give to me
 The man I dearly love—O,
 Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
 My hands I can improve—O ;
 Expecting for a blessing still
 Descending from above—O ;
 Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating tales of love—O.

WALY,

WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burnside,
 Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 Or wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kamme my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency.
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the velvet black,
 And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been sae ill to win,

I'd lock my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were borne,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

THE LOVING LASS, AND SPIN- NING WHEEL.

As I sat at my spinning wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by :
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trowth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear ;
 And round about my slender waste
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kifs my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning wheel.

My milk white hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
 And said there was nae lady fair
 That ever could with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his love the mair,
 Until my heart was wounded fair,
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
 My winnells and my spinning wheel ;

He

He bade me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead :
 My yielding heart strange fires did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

About my neck his arms he laid,
 And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
 And with me to yon hay cock go,
 I'll teach thee better wark to do.
 In trowth I loo'd the motion weel,
 And loot alane my spinning wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
 What lassie, young and fast as I,
 Could sic a handsome lad deny
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE R. H.
 LORD G.—AND LADY K.—C.—

Tune—*The highland Laddie.*

ERIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin-sweets are mine,
 And all the shining charms that grace thee ;
 My fair Melinda, come, recline
 Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
 And tell without dissembling art,
 My happy raptures in thy bosom :
 Thus will I pant within my heart,
 A love that shall forever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
 Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye ;
 Their work admire, so great, so fair,
 And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
 To own my love in transport tender ;

Since

Since that so brave a man as mine,
 To my Brigantius I surrender.
 By sacred ties I'm now to move
 As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
 And while my smiles engage thy love,
 Thy manly greatness shall protect me.
 O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
 New life on blowing flowers bestowing,
 Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
 To heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.
 My honour, courage, wealth and wit,
 Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
 Shall be employ'd as thou think'st fit,
 As agents for our love and pleasure.
 O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
 In lonely cots beside a mountain,
 And nature's easy wants relieve
 With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
 What pleases thee, the rural grove
 Or congress of the fair and witty,
 Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
 In plains retir'd, or social city.
 O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
 O lovely sum of my desires!
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,
 Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
 Tune ev'ry instrument of sound,
 Which all thy mind divinely raises,
 Till ev'ry height and dale rebounds,
 Both loud and sweet; my darling's praises.
 O the happy, &c.

Thy

MELINDA.

'Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
 My happiness is now completed,
 Since all that's gen'rous, great and fine,
 In my Brigantius is united ;
 For which I'll study thy delight,
 With kindly tale the time beguiling,
 And round the change of day and night
 Fix throughout life a constant smiling.
 O the happy, &c.

SONG.—Tune—*Woe's my heart that we should
 find.*

ADIEU, ye pleasant sports and plays,
 Farewell each song that was diverting ;
 Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
 I sing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
 The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,
 Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
 On him to show his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
 A patient ear to his love story,
 Damon must his Delia leave
 To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
 Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting ;
 And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
 These charming souls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu ;
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me ;
 While Damon lives, he lives for you,
 No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
 From Delia, but you may deceive her ?
 The thought destroys my heart with care,
 Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
 May then my guardian angel leave me ;
 And more to aggravate my woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

JOCKY met with Jenny fair,
 Aft be the dawning of the day
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw his heart away ;
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake ! unkind ;
 Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
 That he ere loo'd a fickle mind.

And it's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.
 Young Jockey was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young ;
 But a' the springs that he could play,
 Was o'er the hills and far away.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He fung—When first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair,
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the the winter wind.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah ! could she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,

She

She could nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief:
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove.
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd.
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair;
 But, to my grief, alake! I say
 She staw my heart and ran away.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love!
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play
 O'er hills and dales, and far away.
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away. Z.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the market;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a baby in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattle's bastard ;
 To flee the dool upo' the fool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To flap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't.
 Take hame your wain, make Jenny fain
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

JOCKY'S FOU AND JENNY'S FAIN.

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at ony price ;
 I winna prig for red or white,
 Love alane can gi'e delyte.

Others seek they kenna that,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Give me love, for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common motives lang finsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat,

LEADER

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth :
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorow,
 With radiant beams and silver streams,
 Are Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
 Casts off her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres fell
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending :
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Deſalus' contriving :
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on Leader side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing ;
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :

The

The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth.
 By vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 Where Philomel resorteth :
 By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good morrow,
 I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The east and western Mainfes,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainfies,
 Where aits are fine, and fild be kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whitlade shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth,
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knows.
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth,
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins, and sits for sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying ;
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae building can she borrow
 In Soriel's field, Cleckman, or hag's,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
 With fight and scent pursue her,
 Till ah ! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her.

O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh and fyke,
 She'll run the fiels all thorow,
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding :
 And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
 The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
 And Gladfwood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, Sweet Leader Haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth ;
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

FOR the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody ;
 I cou'd wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody :
 I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;
 I have three stane of woo,
 Carlin, is thy daughter ready ?
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thyfel,
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and fyne come too :
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love in kisses come in play ?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in fimmer mak nae hay ?
 For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The ha'f mark bridal band with me ;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linens fair and clean,
 Syne at the trytling place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
 For the sake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blake ;
 Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat ;—and lovers should embrace ;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
 For the sake, &c.

NORLAND JOCKY AND SOUTHLAND JENNY.

A SOUTHLAND Jenny that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a norland Johnny ;
 But he was sic an a' bashfu' wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can love me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy ;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

HE.

Ye lassies of the south, ye're a' for dressing;
 Lassies of the north mind milking and threshing:
 My minny wad be angry, and fae wad my dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morn-
 ing,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a scaulding,
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
 A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand
 pound
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a filly clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,
 Gae hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland
 Jenny. Z.

THE AULD YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie be kind to me:
 They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
 The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirm.
 Tho' butter and cheese, and a' shou'd four,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
 It's ae ha'f shour, and we's e'en make it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

SONG.

SONG.—Tune—*Booth's Minuet.*

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize,
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes;
 From crowds whom at your feet you see,
 Oh! pity and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve;
 But all are lost unless you love:
 If that dear passion you disdain,
 Your charms and beauty are in vain.

X.

Part of an EPILOGUE, sung after the acting of
 the ORPHAN and GENTLE SHEPHERD in Taylor's
 hall, by a set of young Gentlemen, January 22,
 1729.

Tune—*Betty Bell.*

THUS let us study night and day,
 To fit us for our station,
 That when we're men we parts may play
 Are useful to our nation.
 For now's the time, when we are young,
 To fix our views on merit,
 Water its buds, and make the tongue
 And actions suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
 We know it by your smiling,
 And while we gain respect and love,
 Our studies are not toiling.
 Such application give delight,
 And in the end proves gainful,
 Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight
 May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
 And care when thus employ'd,
 Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
 When youth's by sloth destroy'd;

'Tis

'Tis only active souls can rise
 To fame, and all that's splendid,
 And favour in these conquering eyes,
 'Gainst whom no heart's descended.

THE GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

Tune—*The bonny Lass of Branksome.*

As I came in by Teviot-side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome ;
 Her skin was softer than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown,
 In straitness nane surpass'd her :

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising ;
 Nae filken hose, with gooshees fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg forbade to shine,
 Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her clathing ;
 Even that's o'er meikle ; mair delight
 She'd given clad wi' naething :
 She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 By which a burnie trotted ;
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart
 And bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
 Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had

had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I cou'dna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled I shou'd grant her,
 Since heaven hath dealt to me a rowth,
 Straight to the kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

How happy is the rural clown,
 Who far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleased with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great !

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his mind.
 No trumpets rouse him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours, gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their product feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care ;
 And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the sylvan scene he tries,
 His spirit to regale ;

Now

Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyrs breeze,
 To plant and shed his tender trees ;
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O ! how pleasant is this life,
 Bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling without strife,
 Around his fire at night.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
 The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa :
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw.
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green naue durst him brag,
 The first a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd ?
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lasses halefale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring he row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spec'rd where he had been ?
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing faith my shanks are fair,
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring;
 But shame light on his souple inout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willie, ye advance ;
 (O ! Willy has a wanton leg) ;
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

W. W.

CELIA'S REFLECTIONS ON HERSELF
 FOR SLIGHTING PHILANDER'S LOVE.

Tune—*The Gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish and forbad him,

I wadna

I wadna tent his loving fang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk morning when I view my glafs,
 Then I perceive my beauty going :
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying :
 My cheeks, which coral like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying ;
 Ah ! we may see ourselves to be,
 Like summer fruit that is unshaken ;
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil ;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regain'd ;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Though but mysell nane can be blam'd :
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions thought,
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which nane of us are contented ;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the miltake may be prevented.

THE YOUNG LADIES THANKS TO THE
 REPENTING VIRGIN FOR HER SEA-
 SONABLE ADVICE.

O VIRGIN kind ! we canna tell
 How many many thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us fae well
 Those very rocks that did-o'erthrow you :
 And we your leffon fae shall mind,
 That e'en though a' our kin had swore it,
 Ere we shall be an hour behind,
 We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet ;
 If young Philander anes assails
 To storm love's fort, then he shall win it :
 We may indeed, for modesty,
 Present our forces for resistance ;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his assistance.

THE STEP DAUGHTER'S RELIEF.

Tune—*The Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step dame has gart them flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear :
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;
 While hungry, half naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine :
 But loon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee sweet May, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your step mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird ;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard ;
 Ye shall have naething to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee :
 Then kilt up thy coats my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented ;—while Ringan o'erjoyed,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her good-wife at home.

JEANY, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

O JEANY, Jeany, where hast thou been?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee,
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of Jocky company.

O Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

— Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
Though victual's come hame again hale, what reck !
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, Betty, you spread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where should you be ?
Ha ! las, I saw you slip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;
But when it skail'd, where could thou be ?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do ?
If thou grow great, they'll heeze thee hie.
Look to yourself, if Jock prove true :
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free. Q.

SONG — Tune — *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheft lads, and lasses gay,
Hear what my sang discloses.
As I ae morning sleeping lay
Upon a bank of roses,
Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ipy me :
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And fastly fat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him ;
But with a frown my face disguif'd,
And strave away to send him ;
But fondly he still nearer prest,
And by my side down lying,
His beating heart thumped sae fast,
I thought the lad was dying

But

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdaining.
 Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I in truth, for a' my sins,
 Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

THE COCK LAIRD.

A COCK laird fou cadgie,
 With Jenny did meet,
 He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet,
 Wilt thou gae alang
 Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
 Thou'lt be my ain lemman,
 Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
 Ye mauna fail
 To feast me with caddels,
 And good hacket-kail.
 The deel's in your nicety,
 Jenny, quoth he,
 Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
 Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
 With pearlins set round,
 A skirt of puddy,
 And a waistcoat of brown,
 Awa with sic vanities,
 Jenny, quoth he,
 For kurchis and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a-year,
 As haud us in pottage
 And good knockit beer :

But having nae tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quoth he.

The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Albeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae care,
 The fools are set free,
 When me make them lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.
 My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave ;
 True to his country, to love he is steddly,
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.
 Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms,
 Syne frae all my care ye'll presently free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.
 O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must if he get his due :
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

THE ARCHERS MARCH.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it, :
 Let hills and dales rebound it.
 In praise of archery :

Its

Its origin divine is,
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the Gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed,
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.
 The Deity of Parnassus,
 The God of soft caresses,
 Chaste Cynthia and her lasses,
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
 'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
 'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows,
 All nations, Turks and Parthians,
 The Tartars and the Scythians,
 The Arabs, Moors, and Indians
 With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
 That none could e'er excel us
 That none could e'er excel us
 In martial archery :
 With shafts our fires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Romans raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spared few Danes to flee.

Witness LARGS and LONCARTIF,
 DUNKEL and ABERLEMNY,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 ROSLINE and BANNOCKBURN,
 The CHIVIOTS——all the border,
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if furder
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,

Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery.
 Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases.
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony :
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing,
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,

LARGS, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant king Haco, were *anno*, 1263, totally defeated by Alexander, III. king of Scots; the heroic Alexander, great steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

LONCARTIE, near Perth, where king Kenneth III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave Hay, and his two sons.

DUNKLE, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great king Corbredus Galdus, in three battles, overthrew 30,000 Romans in the reign of the emperor Domitian.

ABERLEMMY, four miles from Brechin, where king Malcolm II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegians, and Cumbrians, &c. commanded by Sueno king of Denmark, and his warlike son, prince Canute.

ROSLINE, about five miles south of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir John Cuming, and, Sir Simon Frazer, defeated, in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of Bannockburn and Chiviot, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree,
 Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity
 T' our great CHIEF and Officers,
 T' our President and Counsellors:
 To all, who like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

THE following SONGS, sung in their proper
 Places in acting of the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG I.—THE WAWKING OF THE
 FAULD.—*Sung by Patie.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane;
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II.—FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WITH
STRAE.

Sung by Patie.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. POLWART ON THE GREEN.

Sung by Peggy.

THE dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,

And

And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave ;
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it sell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG. IV. O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT
 SHALL I DO?

Sung by Jenny.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lassies when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. HOW CAN I BE SAD ON MY
 WEDDING DAY?

Sung by Peggy.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than any of thae,
 Sour weak filly fellows, who study like fools
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools ?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

SANG

SANG VI. NANCY'S TO THE GREEN
WOOD GANE;

Sung by Jenny;

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won;
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heed's us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

SANG VII. CAULD KALE IN ABERDEEN.

Sung by Glaud or Simon.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last—
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
Who bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. MUCKLING OF GEORDY'S
BYRE.

Sung by Simon.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, wha labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Else, like the pack horse that's unfather'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG

SANG IX. CARLE AND THE KING COME.

Sung by Maufe.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat for filk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

SANG X. WINTER WAS CAULD, AND MY
 CLAITHING WAS THIN.

Sung by Peggy and Patie.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first-sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

bells.

When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue leather
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
 For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden Broom Knows,
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
 There's

There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At Thro' the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boat man, Tweedside, or the Lads of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. BY THE DELICIOUS WARM-
NESS OF THY MOUTH.

Sung by Patie and Peggy.

Printed in this Miscellany, Page 65.

SANG XII. HAPPY CLOWN.

Sung by Sir William.

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks,
Healthful and innocently gay
He chants, and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks,

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfalsified with a crime :
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

SANG

SANG XIII. LEITH WYND

Sung by Jenny and Roger.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain ;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
 O let me brifs thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine !
 Delightful thought ! we'll never part !
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV. O'ER BOGIE.

Sung by Jenny.

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain :
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.

Then

Then never range, or learn to change,
Like those in high degree :
And if you prove faithful in love
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. WAT YE WHA I MET YES-
TREEN ?

Sung by Sir William.

NOW from rusticity, and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn :
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only shows its light,
Till polishing has made it shine :
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

Sung by Patie.

DUTY and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love superior calls treason ;
The strongest must be obey'd :
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels ;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII. WOES MY HEART THAT
WE SHOULD SUNDER.

Sung by Peggy.

SPEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler

A gentler face, and silken attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

~~No more the shepherd who excell'd~~

The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;

Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. TWEEDSIDE.

Sung by Peggy.

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For

For beauty that's only skin-deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Not age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

SANG XIX BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Sung by Peggy.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's
 A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. BONNY GREY EY'D MORN.

Sung by Sir William.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day ;
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 e my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

ON OUR LADIES BEING DRESSED IN
 SCOTS MANUFACTORY AT A PUBLIC
 ASSEMBLY.

Tune—O'er the hills and far away.

LET meaner beauties use their art,
 And range both Indies for their dress,
 Our fair can captivate the heart
 In native weeds, nor look the less.
 More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
 The artless sweetness of each face
 Sparkles with lustre more divine,
 When freed of every foreign grace.
 The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
 May use the aid of gems and paint,
 Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
 Features of ruder form and taint.
 What Caledonian ladies wear,
 Or from the lint or woollen twine,
 Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
 Whate'er we can imagine fine.
 Apparel neat becomes the fair,
 The dirty dress may lovers cool,
 But clean, our maids need have no care,
 If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
 T'adore Myrtilia who can cease?
 Her active charms our praise demand,
 Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
 Spun by her own delighted hand.
 Who can behold Calista's eyes,
 Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
 And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms?

Compar'd

Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
 Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade,
 The soul with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.
 Sapphira, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit, her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 The inferior rank will follow soon ;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.
 Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked nations love
 And bless the labours of our looms :
 We have enough, nor want from them,
 But trifles hardly worth our care,
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloth we have to spare.
 How happy's Scotland in her fair !
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recall :
 Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
 Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.
 Barbarity shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
 Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
 'Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow ?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride ?
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae mair be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow !
And I have slain the loveliest swain,
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid ?
Why on thy brae's heard the voice of sorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow !

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?
What's yonder floats ? O dole and sorrow !
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,

And

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan, [grass,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Twee
As sweet its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
Ah ! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk white, milk-white steed,
Unheeded of my dole and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning ;
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover's blood is on thy spear ;
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghostly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
 Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely youth, lovely youth !
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lie all night between my breasts,
 No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He li. sa corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

A NYMPH OF THE PLAIN.

A NYMPH of the plain,
 By a jolly young swain,
 By a jolly young swain,
 Was address'd to be kind :
 But relentless I find
 To his prayers she appear'd,
 Tho' himself he endear'd,
 Tho' himself he endear'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her,
 I cannot express ;
 But he lov'd to excess,
 And swore he would die,
 If she would not comply,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

While blushes like roses,
 Which nature composes,
 Which nature composes,

Vermilion'd her face,
 With an ardour and grace,
 Which her lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
 Which their souls did employ,
 Which their souls did employ,
 From her ruby-warm lips,
 Thousand odours he sips,
 At the sight of her eyes
 He faints and he dies,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Till he vow'd to his fair,
 That to ease his own care,
 He would meet her again,
 And 'till then be in pain,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

SEND HOME MY LONG STRAY'D, &c.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,

Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain:
 But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both,
 Its word and oath,

Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
 That I may see and know thy lies,
 And laugh one day perhaps when thou
 Shalt grieve for one
 Thy love will scorn,
 And prove as false as thou art now.

WHILST I FONDLY VIEW, &c.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the God of love I sue,
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
 Cupid, if you love me, do :
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.
 Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererogation,
 Mere idolatry of love
 You may dress a world of Chloes
 In the beauties she can spare ;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.
 Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply,
 Do Florella's charms displease you,
 Die then, foolish mortal, die :
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of that captivating store ;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.
 Where Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;
 Justly then you'd pray that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair :
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find ;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her
 For the beauties of her mind.

SONG

TEN YEARS, LIKE TROY, &c.

TEN years, like Troy, my stubborn heart
 Withstood th' assault of fond desire :
 But now, alas ! I feel a smart,
 Poor I, like Troy, am set on fire.
 With care we may a pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend :
 But oh ! who can a house secure,
 When the celestial flames descend ?
 Thus was I safe, till from your eyes
 Destructive fires are brightly given ;
 Ah ! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo ! the light'ning comes from heaven.

WHILST I GAZE, &c.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wand'ring look she give ;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.
 Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure ?
 I will disclose my inclination :
 Awful distance yields no cure.
 Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.
 Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat :
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

MY DAYS HAVE BEEN, &c.

My days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream :
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixt upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul ;
 And lovely Nancy stands confest
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

ALL IN THE DOWNS, &c.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,

When

When black-eyed Susan came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro ;
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present where'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye,

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay a board;
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu, she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS, &c.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
 Gentle as winds when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing, as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun,
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies;
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death

Death only, with his cruel dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came ;
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

FAIR IRIS AND HER SWAIN.

FAIR Iris and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where Thirsis long in vain
 Had sought the happy hour.
 At length, his hand advancing
 Upon her snowy breast,
 He said, O! kiss me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

IRIS.

An easy yielding maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our sex is oft betray'd
 By granting love too soon ;
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

THIRSIS.

The little care you show,
 Of all my sorrows past,
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last ;

K 5

Oh,

Oh, Iris! kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly;
 Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliss,
 And no advances make;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take:
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebel,
 Thirsts may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly;
 But never kiss and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiss you kindly?
 Yes you may kiss me kindly.
 And kindly still and kindly?
 And kindly still and kindly,
 And will you not rebel?
 And I will not rebel.
 Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly
 Kindly still and kindly,
 But never kiss and tell.

AH! BRIGHT BELINDA, &c.

AH! bright Belinda, hither fly,
 And such a light discover,
 As may the absent sun supply,
 And cheer the drooping lover.
 Arise, my day, with speed arise,
 And all my sorrows banish:
 Before the sun of thy bright eyes,
 All gloomy terrors vanish.
 No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded treasure:

Why

Why should you love to give us pain.
 When you were made for pleasure?
 The petty powers of hell destroy,
 To save's the pride of heaven:
 To you the first, if you prove coy;
 If kind, the last is given.
 The choice then sure's not hard to make,
 Betwixt a good and evil:
 Which title had you rather take,
 My Goddess, or, my Devil?

FIE! LIZA, SCORN, &c.

FIE! Liza, scorn the little arts,
 Which meaner beauties use,
 Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
 Unless they still refuse;
 Are coy and shy; will seem to frown,
 To raise our passion higher;
 But when the poor delight is known,
 It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
 Or stop you know not why;
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die:
 Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be crost:
 Ah! Liza, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes past.

BE WARY, MY CELIA, &c.

BE wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues,
 These wits are the bane of your charms:
 Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon despis'd for his plainness of parts,
 Has worth that a woman would prize;
 He'll run the race out, though he heavily starts,
 And distance the short-winded wife.

Your

Your fool is a faint in the temple of love,
 And kneels all his life there to pray :
 Your wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

STELLA AND FLAVIA, &c.

STELLA and Flavia, every hour,
 Do various hearts surprise ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store :
 Thy charms will every day decrease,
 Each day gives Stella more.

OF ALL THE GIRLS, &c.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :

But

But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday,
 For then I'm drest in all my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And sink away with Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O! then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up and box it all,
 And give it to my honey:
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O ! then I'll marry Sall,
 O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But ay not in our alley.

WOULD YOU HAVE A YOUNG VIRGIN.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years ?
 You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears :

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chace her, and praise her if fair or brown ;
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men ?
 With the front of assurance come boldly on ?
 Be at her each moment, and briskly briskly
 Put her in mind, how her time steals on !

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn till noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality ?
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety ;

Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kifs with a guinea, and all's your own.

OH LOVE! IF A GOD, &c.

SHE

OH love ! if a god thou wilt be,
Do justice in favour of me ;
For yonder approaching I see,
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With fighting and toying,
And crying and lying,
And such kind of foolery.

HE,

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleasure to meet you here :
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I swear,
I'll do you no harm I swear.

SHE.

My mother is spinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we are a milking come ;
Their dinner they want ;
Then pray ye, Sir, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront ;
We're none of the town
Will lie down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

HE,

By Phœbus and Jove,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear sweet, no harm ;
Ye're as fresh as a rose,
I want one of those ;

Ah !

Ah ! how such a wife would charm,
Ah ! how such a wife would charm.

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honest and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool ?

For I must be plain,
All tricks are in vain ;
There's nothing can gain
What you would obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My lesson learnt at school.

HE.

I'll do it by this hand,
I've houses and land,
Estate too in good free-hold ?
My dear, let us join ;
It all shall be thine,
Besides a good purse of gold,
Besides a good purse of gold.

SHE.

You make me to blush now, I vow,
Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?
But since the late oath you have sworn,
Your soul shall not be
In danger for me ;
I'll rather agree
Of two to make three :
We'll wed, and we'll bed,
'There's no more to be said
And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

MAIDEN, FRESH AS A ROSE.

MAIDEN, fresh as a rose,
Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
Take no spouse among beaux,
Fond of their raking quality ;

He

He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with dæxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a bribe,
 Of flatt'ring noise and vanity,
 Yoke a lad of our tribe,
 He'll show the best humanity :
 Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular ;
 But when the spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.

Though our graveness is pride,
 That boobies the more may venerate
 He who gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate ;
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
 Then to be happy and wife,
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

LAST SUNDAY AT ST. JAMES's, &c.

LAST Sunday at St. James's pray'rs,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, dress'd all in my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.
 I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er ;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door,
 High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care ;

Which

Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace ;
But whisper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.
Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won :
But I grew peevish at the word,
Desir'd he might be gone.
He went quite out of sight, while I
A kinder answer meant ;
Nor did I for my sins that day,
By half so much repent.

LOVE, THOU ART THE BEST, &c.

LOVE, thou art the best of human joys,
Our chiefest happiness below ;
All other pleasures are but toys,
Music without thee is but noise,
Beauty but an empty shadow.
Heaven that knew best what men could move,
And raise his thoughts above the brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only must his soul improve,
Howe'er philosophers dispute.

DESPAIRING BESIDE A CLEAR, &c.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)

When

When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
 When she smil'd it was pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day :
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS, &c.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd,
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days :
 Why didst thou vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's that troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 Where golden diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eye these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repay'd each blast with sighing
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves flooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

REMEMBER, DAMON, &c.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he ;
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;
 So his false breast, conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare ;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my Damon, or relief:
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy:
 But, whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer thus,
 When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
 Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
 But is a witness of my love:
 Now all the bleaters on the plain
 Seem sympathisers in my pain;
 Echo's repeat my plaintive moans;
 The waters imitate my groans;
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

ON A BANK, BESIDE A WILLOW,

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone:
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan,
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my lov'd is gone.
 Time, I dare thee to discover,
 Such a youth and such a lover:
 Oh! so true, so kind was he!
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature,
 Damon liv'd alone for me:
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?
 Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore;

Never

Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and Damon are no more.

ALEXIS SHUNN'D HIS FELLOW, &c.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow) ;
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came amongst the rest,
 And she too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
 She ask'd, but with an air and mein,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care :
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain,
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, &c.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The devil take her.

MY FRIEND AND I.

MY friend and I,
 We drank whole pifs-pots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend,
 And he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 (But hang such puny sips as these) ;
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tipt whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard

I heard of a fop,
 That drank whole tankards,
 Styl'd himself the prince of fots
 But I say now, hang
 Such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flagons, break their pots.
 My friend and I did join
 For a cellar full of wine,
 And we drank the vintner out of door ;
 We drank it all up
 In a morning, at a sup,
 And greedily rov'd about for more
 My friend to me
 Did make this motion
 Let us to the vintage skip ;
 Then we embark'd
 Upon the ocean,
 Where we found a Spanish ship
 Deep laden with wine,
 Which was superfine,
 The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
 We drank it all at sea,
 Ere we came unto the key,
 And the merchant swore he was quite undone.
 My friend not having
 Quench'd his thirst,
 Said, Let's to the vineyards haste :
 Straight then we sail'd
 To the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a taste ;
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drank up all the wine,
 Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye fots, or you die,
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal round,
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.
 Out fie ! cries one,
 What a beast he makes him,
 He can neither stand nor go :
 Out you beast, you,
 You're much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?

L

'Tis

'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast ;
 But when we carouse it fix in hand ;
 'Tis then, and only then,
 'That we drink most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

LET SOLDIERS FIGHT, &c.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill the cheering bowls,
 Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear :
 Pure wine is native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.
 The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull,
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cups brim full :
 'Tis wine, &c.
 Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk,
 Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
 But they want nothing that are drunk :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore give us the cheering bowls.

FAREWELL, MY BONNY, &c.

FAREWELL, my bonny, bonny, witty pretty
 Maggy.
 And a' the rosy lasses milking on the Down :
 Adieu the flow'ry meadows, aft sae dear to Jocky,
 The sports and merry glee of Edinborow town :
 Since French and Spanish louns stand at bay,
 And valiant lads of Britain hold 'em play,

My

My reap hook I maun quite cast away,
 And fight too like a man,
 Among 'em for our royal queen Anne.
 Each carle of Irish mettle battles like a dragon :
 The Germans waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The Italian and the butter bowzy Hogan Mogan :
 Good faith then, Scottish Jocky mauna ly at hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld Monsieur down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To show that Scotland can
 Excel 'em for our royal Queen Anne.
 Then welcome from Vigo,
 And cudgelling Don Diego,
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons :
 Each brisk valiant fellow
 Fought at Rondondellow,
 And those who did meet
 With the Newfoundland fleet ;
 When for late successes,
 Which Europe confesses,
 At land by our gallant commanders :
 The Dutch in strong beer,
 Should be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in Flanders.

THE ORDNANCE A-BROAD.

THE ordnance a-board,
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire :
 Each member repairs
 From the Tower to the stairs,
 And by water whush, and by water whush,
 By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's a shore,
 They search from the bore :
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :
 Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old Vulcan for Mars,
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But Mars, had he been ,
 Upon our Woolwich green,
 To have heard boo huzza, boo huzza, boo huzza,
 He'd have own'd great Marlborough his master.

LEAVE OFF YOUR FOOLISH, &c.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.
 If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure ;
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion;
 Fill your glafs, name your lafs,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

WE'LL DRINK, &c.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
 Put the glafs then around with the fun, boys,
 Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.
 Drinking's a Christian diversion,
 Unknown to Turk and the Persian:
 Let Mahometan fools
 Live by heathenish rules
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
 While the brave Britons sing,
 And drink healths to their king,
 And a fig for their sultan and sophy,

WHILE THE LOVER IS THINKING.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight;
 While the fool is designing,
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end!
 When I do, may I never drink more.

CELIA, LET NOT PRIDE UNDO YOU.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on ;
 Let not Damon still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone :
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd,
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When those charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
 Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !
 Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !
 Celia you'll too late repent you,
 And be forced to die a maid !

I'LL RANGE AROUND, &c.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest flowers ;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink,

At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close those eyes ;
 But gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day,
 Dispels the gloomy shades away,

Forth to the forest I'll repair,
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing pleasure with delight ;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

THOUGH CRUEL YOU SEEM, &c.

THOUGH cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true ;
Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven it would be !
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah ! you're an angel to me :

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow :
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go :

That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subject to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

FROM ROSY BOWERS, &c.

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,

Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly ;

Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move

With tender passion my heart's darling joy :

Ah ! let the soul of music tune thy voice,

To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing,

Is, to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

And a frisk from the ground,

I'll trip like any fairy :

As once on Ida dancing,

Were three celestial bodies,

With an air and a face,

And a shape and a grace,

Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,

Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;

Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,

Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :

My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is
froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,

Shall I thaw myself, or drown

Amongst the foaming billows,

Increasing all with tears I shed ;

On beds of ooze and crystal pillows

Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,

That soon my heart will warm ;

When once the sense is fled,

Love has no power to charm :

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,

My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;

A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,

Ere thus in vain ! ere thus in vain adore.

OH !

OH! LEAD ME, &c.

OH! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never found,
But one eternal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again ;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be still a slave.

OH! LEAD ME, &c.

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never found,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again :
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave ?

PIOUS SELINDA GOES TO PRAYERS.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask a favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

SEE SEE SHE WAKES, &c.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise ;

Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give ;
But different fates ere night fulfil :
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill !

YOUNG CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
Sat in a lonely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a playing,
She ogled so the swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kifs to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kifs'd her
Upon the flow'ry green :
But as he further prest her,
A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
His ardour still increas'd ;
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve ;
This is the time he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat ;
She kifs'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

But

But Phillis did recover
 Much sooner than the swain;
 She blushing, ask'd her lover,
 Shall we not kiss again? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
 Till nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Holding each other's hand, &c.

SEE SEE MY, &c.

SEE, see, my Seraphina comes,
 Adorn'd with every grace;
 Look, gods, from your celestial domes,
 And view her charming face.

Then search, and see, if you can find,
 In all your sacred groves,
 A nymph or goddess so divine,
 As she whom Strephon loves.

PRAY NOW JOHN, &c.

SHE.

PRAY now, John, let Jug prevail,
 Doff thy sword, and take a flail;
 Wounds, and blows, and scorching heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE.

'Zounds! you are mad, ye simple jade,
 Begone, and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I shall do,
 With Hob and Sue,
 And all our brats when wanting you?

HE

HE

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain shalt share.

SHE.

My share will be but small, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea flints the Germans strip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheese, you,
Your pigs and your geese too.

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, Joan.

SHE.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE.

Morableau ! that huff shall never do.

SHE.

Come come, John, let's burs and be friends,
Thus still, thus love's quarrels ends;
I my tongue sometimes let run,
But, alas ! I soon have done.

HE,

HE.

'Tis well you're quash'd,
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is John.

SHE.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

SHE.

Grow great !
And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd French you beat ;
Ah John ! Take care, John !
And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like vermin,
Grudge my preferment ?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle ;
I'll be gone, and straight abroad.

SHE.

Do, do, and so shall Hob and Sue,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

SINCE

SINCE TIMES ARE SO BAD, &c.

HE.

SINCE times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet-heart,
 I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
 And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
 To better my fortune as other folks do,
 Since some have from ditches,
 And coarse leather breeches,
 Been rais'd to be rulers,
 And wallow'd in riches,
 Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel;
 For if the gipsies don't lie,
 Shall be a governor too ere I die.

SHE.

Ah Colin! by all thy late doings I find,
 With sorrow and trouble the pride of thy mind;
 sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now Sunday's jacket goes every day on;
 Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
 thou mean!
 To make my shoes clean,

HE.

And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
 Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

SHE.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin;
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou can'st buy;
 For money, the devil and all's to be found,
 But no good parts minded without the good pound.

HE.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
 Hunt honour, that now a days plaguily charms.

SHE.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
 And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

HE.

HE.

Suppose I turn gamester?

SHE.

So cheat and be bang'd.

HE.

What think'st thou of the road then?

SHE.

The high way to be hang'd.

HE.

Nice pimping however yields profit for life;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

SHE.

That's dangerous too amongst the town crew:
For some of them will do the same thing by you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;
Faith, Colin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

HE.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law?

SHE.

Oh! while you live, Colin, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way:
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say,
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

BOTH.

BOTH.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff,

HE.

And I'll to my plow.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

WHERE OXEN DO LOW,

HE.

WHERE oxen do low,
And apple-trees grow ;
Where corn is sown,
And grafs is mown,
Fate, give me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
And udders are stroak'd ;
Where duck and drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack ;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And swine suckle pigs :
Oh! there would I pass my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed :

SHE.

And wear on our backs
The wool of our flocks ;
And though linen feel
Rough, spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

HE.

HE.

Town follies and cullies,
And Mollies and Dollies,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

SHE.

And beaux, that in boxes,
Lie smuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

HE.

Good b'ye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St. James's square,
And flaunters there,
The gaming-house too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

SHE.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his spouse,
And then in great haste,
To pay what he' as lost,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

HE.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er sets his hand
To bill or to bond :

SHE.

Nor barter his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouse him of half his days.

HE.

HE.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

SHE.

Whose lips when you buss 'em,
Smell like the bean blossom;
Oh! he 'tis shall have my praise.

HE.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and sloes,
A long adieu!
And farewell too
The house of the great;
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

SHE.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hyde-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Alho' they be choaked with dust.

HE.

Farewell the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That shou'd be run down.

SHE.

With city jack-daws,
That make staple laws,
To measure by yards and ells.

HE.

HE..

Stock-jobbers and fwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever:
We know what you're doing;
And home we are going;
And so you may ring your bells.

OF ALL COMFORTS I MISCARRIED.

HE.

OF all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the sot and married:
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't;
Those that are in would fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

HE.

'Oons! tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone?

HE.

From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a courting,
A sport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been since Adam.

SHE.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you;

And

And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

HE.

Pox, what care I! drink your slops till you die.
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

SHE.

If thus partel, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

HE.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure?

SHE.

To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

Zounds! you may go to your gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

PRETTY PARROT, SAY WHEN, &c.

PRETTY parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence past the day,

What at home was doing?

With chat and play,

We were gay

Night and day,

Good cheer and mirth renewing;

Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a faucey lover would

Court and teaze my lady?

A thing you know,

Made for show,

Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,

Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,

And how she could with patience bear

All he did and utter'd?

He still address'd,

Still carefs'd,

Kiss'd and press'd,

Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd:

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of the day,

Or did he ever use to stay,

In a corner dodging?

The want of light,

When 'twas night

Spoil'd my sight;

But I believe his lodging

Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

SUNG BY PINKANELLO, MERRY ANDREW TO LEVERIGO THE MOUNTED BANK DOCTOR.

HERE are people and sports,

Of all sizes and sorts,

Coach'd damsel and 'squire,

And mob in the mire,

Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,

Lords, ladies, fows babies,

And loobies in scores;

Some hawling, some bawling,

Some leering, some fleering,

Some loving, some shoving,

With legions of furbelow'd whores:

To

To the tavern some go,
 And some to a show,
 See poppets for moppets,
 Jack puddens for cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, quacks lying,
 Pick-pockets, pick plackets,
 Beasts, butchers, and beaux,
 Fops pratling, dice ratling,
 Rooks shamming, putts damning,
 Whores painted, masks tainted,
 In tally-man's furbelow'd clothes.
 The mob's joys would you know,
 To yon music-house go,
 See tailors and sailors,
 Whores oily and doily,
 Here music makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Light spiggot and tap ;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

THE SECOND PART.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !
 Here, take my pills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come ;
 The cramp, the stich, the squirt, the itch,
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all Pandora's box :
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell :

Let

Let the palsy shake ye,
 Let the cholic rack ye,
 Let the crinkrums break ye,
 Let the murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well :
 Thousands, &c.

Come, wits so keen, devour'd with spleen,
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 And cure the amorous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead ;
 I clear the lads with wainscot face,
 And from pim-ginets free
 Plump ladies red like Saracen's head,
 With toping ratafie.
 This with a jerk, will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er ;
 Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

OH ! THE CHARMING MONTH, &c.

OH ! the charming month of May,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay ;
 Oh ! the charming month of May,
 Charming, charming month of May.
 Oh ! what joys our prospects yield,
 When in new livery,
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field,
 Oh ! what joys, &c. Charming joys, &c.
 Oh ! how fresh the morning air,
 When the zephyrs,
 And the heifers

Their

Their odourous breath compare;
 Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.
 Oh! how sweet at night to dream
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream.
 Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.
 Oh! how kind the country lass,
 Who her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green gown on the grass;
 O how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.
 Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion,
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and downcast eye:
 Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.
 Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming-dish carves her name.
 Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

CUPID, GOD OF PLEASING, &c.

CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

MY CHLOE, WHY DO YE, &c.

MY Chloe, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave:

Good

Good-nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful lover,
 I'll be no more a rover,
 But constant to my grave.

Could we but change condition,
 My grief would all be flown ;
 Were I the kind physician,
 And you the patient grown :
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well-shap'd, and also witty,
 Enforc'd with generous pity,
 Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious lays,
 Like him, when love is flying,
 In songs I'll end my days :
 But know, thou cruel creature,
 My soul shall mount the fleeter,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth thy praise.

IN THIS GROVE MY STREPHON, &c.

IN this grove my Strephon walk'd,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd :
 Here he lov'd, &c.

In this place his loss I prove,
 A sad remembrance of our love,
 O ! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my Strephon stray'd,
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd ;
 Here he smil'd, &c.

Ev'ry whisp'ring breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I believing, fell,
 Ah ! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my Strephon mov'd,
 Here he sung, and there he lov'd
 Here he sung, &c.

M

Every

Every stream and every tree,
Cries out, perfidious, cruel he,
And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my Strephon lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithless friend;
A lovely foe, &c.

Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,
Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
Since Strephon's false to me and love.

TRANSPORTED WITH PLEASURE.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure

I gaze on my treasure,
And ravish my sight;
While she gaily smiling,
My anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.
How blest'd is a lover,
Whose torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting
Her scorn and disdain?

A QUIRE OF BRIGHT BEAUTIES.

A QUIRE of bright beauties

In spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And Phillis was queen.
But Phillis refus'd it,
And sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland,
While Pan is away.
While Pan and fair Syrinx
Are fled from the shore,

The graces are banish'd,
 And love is no more :
 The soft god of pleasure
 That warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow,
 And extinguish'd his fires,
 And vows that himself
 And his mother will mourn,
 Till Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.
 Forbear your addresses,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore ;
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks
 And take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

AS CHARMING CLARA WALK'D, &c.

AS charming Clara walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

YE BEAUX OF PLEASURE.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;

At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted

 With beauty's ray :
 Aurora shews ye
 No face so rosie,
 No July posie
 So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
 No Ermin better,
 Though that fine creature
 Is white as snow ;
 With blooming graces
 Adorn'd her face is,
 Her flowing traces
 As black as floe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender :
 Some god commend her ;
 My wit's too low ;
 'Twere joyful plunder,
 To bring her under,
 She's all a wonder
 From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
 To quote dull pages,
 That in all ages
 Our minds are free :
 Though great your skill is,
 So strong the will is,
 My love for Phillis
 Must ever be.

ONE EVENING AS I LAY.

ONE evening as I lay
 A musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her love ;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
 Of false deluding men,
 Whose pride is to ensnare
 Each female that they can.
 My perjur'd swain he swore
 A thousand oaths, to prove
 (As many have done before)
 How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my sake,
 Ne'er trust false man again,
 The pleasure we partake,
 Ne'er answers half the pain ;
 Uncertain as the seas,
 Is their inconstant mind,
 At once they burn or freeze,
 Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,
 Compassion seiz'd my heart,
 And Cupid did prevail
 With me, to take her part :
 Then bowing to the fair,
 I made my kind address,
 And vow'd to bear a share
 In her unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,
 And strove from me to fly :
 I told her I'd disclose
 For grief a remedy.

Then, with a smiling look,
Said she, to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do :
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
Till her soft soul gave way,
And from her breast so fair
Stole the heart away.
Then she with smiles confess'd
Her mind felt no more pain,
While thus she was caress'd
By such a lovely swain.

DO NOT ASK ME, &c.

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
And of roses newly blown ?

'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of these flow'rs that crown the spring ;
'Tis to—but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be ?
Every minute, gently flying,
Smiles and says, Make use of me.

What the sun does to the roses,
While the beams play sweetly in,
I would—but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it ;
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,

And

And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
Might I speak what I would do,
I wou'd—with my lovely Philis,
I wou'd ; I would—Ah ! wou'd you.

PHILLIS, THE FAIREST OF, &c.

PHILLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she, &c.

So long she kept her limbs so close
Till they had scarce a rag on,
Compell'd thro' want the wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin,
Which furly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.
To pity such a lazy jade,
Whou'd neither kifs nor spin.

WHEN CHLOE WE PLY.

WHEN Chloe we ply,
We swear we shall die,
Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall ;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for herself ;
'Tis artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
'They'll pish ! and they'll fie !
And swear if you're rude, they will call ;
But whisper so low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I never shall :
 But less than a year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,
 And party-debate,
 For church and for justice we bawl ;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the end,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

THE PARSON AMONG THE PEAS.

ONE long Whitsun holiday,
 Holiday, holiday, it was a jolly day,
 Young Ralph and buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a welladay !

Met in the pease ;

They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see ; for as they lie
 In close hug, Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by.

He read prayers i' the family,
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old Homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight,
 Full of spite, as the kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, hypocrite,

Mischief to say ;

Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida drefs'd that holiday ;
 But poor Ralph, ah welladay !
 Welladay ! welladay !

Turn'd was away.

'Ads nigs, cries Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini, shall a rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly,
 Commonly, commonly,

Has been this way

No, I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read prayers and homily,
 Homily, homily,

Three times a day.

HOW HAPPY ARE WE.

HOW happy are we,
 Who from thinking are free,
 That curbing disease of the mind,
 Can indulge every taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull reputation confin'd !

When we're young, fit to toy,
 Gay delights we enjoy,
 And have crowds of new lovers still wooing ;
 When we're old and decay'd,
 We procure for the trade,
 Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
 We spend what we get
 Every day, for the next never think :
 When we die, where we go
 We have no sense to know,
 For a bawd always dies in her drink.

ONE APRIL MORN. &c,

ONE April morn, when from the sea
 Phœbus was just appearing,

M 5

Damon

Damon and Celia young and gay,
 Long settled love endearing,
 Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
 On parents unrelenting :
 He bred of Tory race had been,
 She of the tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
 Newly the hill adorning,
 Told him, mamma would be stark mad,
 She missing prayers that morning ;
 Damon, his arm about her waist,
 Swore, that nought shou'd them sunder :
 Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm blest'd,
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
 By faction still support it,
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it ;
 But mighty love that scorns to shew
 Party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be Whig or Tory.

AMONG THE WILLOWS, &c.

AMONG the willows on the grass,
 Where nymphs and shepherds lie,
 Young Willie courted bonny Bess,
 And Nell stood list'ning by.
 Says Will, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry,
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For a maid I'll live and die :
 Says Nell so shall not I,
 Says Nell, &c.

Long time between hope and despair,
 And kisses mix'd between,
 He with a song did charm her ear
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says Will, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For I will never change my mind.
 Says Nell, she'll prove more kind,
 Says Nell, &c,

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by nature taught,
 When she first to man inclines :
 Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
 Oh ! who would lose a treasure
 For such a puny pleasure !
 Not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true.
 Quoth Nell, the more fool you,
 Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly books,
 Forget vain love of worldly care.
 Quoth Nell, that likely looks.
 You men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious ;
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all ;
 Your sex I now despise.
 Says Nell, by Jove she lies.
 Says, Nell, &c.

SELINDA SURE'S THE BRIGHTEST, &c.]

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;]
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair :
 But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to lie
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 Our sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

A TRIFLING SONG, &c.

A TRIFLING song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately came into the play,
 The men would want something to do,
 The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies they know,
 Admire, by often caressing,
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
 At Whyte's half a moment to sit?
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles we see;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will show you, his Grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin;
 But, ye gods! How oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within?

A flask

A flask of Champaign people think it
A trifle, or something as bad,
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,
The reason pray carry along;
Because that at every new play
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

FROM GRAVE LESSONS, &c.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here:
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay:
Now's the time he soon might move
A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no;
Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
I must not try, I cannot fly,
I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art;
Why should I deny my part?

If a lover will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do;
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's false I'll fit him too.

WOMEN AND WINE.

SOME say women are like the seas,
Some the waves, and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,
Some the weather, some the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well
As wine, wine, woman and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, so is wine,
They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gill into the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine?
What makes your courage rise and fall?
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
That set fire to your noses?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

WOULD YOU CHOOSE, &c.

WOULD you choose a wife,
For a happy life?
Leave the court, and the country take,
Where Dolly and Sue,
Young Molly and Prue,
Follow Roger and John,
Whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave

Leave the London dames
 (Be it spoken to their shames)-
 To lie in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their table in plate,
 Where rattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have done,
 And who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here,
 Though brown as my beer,
 Who knows how to govern her house,
 Who can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheese,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine clothes not a sou.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl;
 A wife that will make a man rich;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed
 To squander away
 What taxes would pay;
 We care not in faith for such.

YES I COULD LOVE, &c.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move
 To change her virtue or her love:
 Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself, and not for mine;

Not

Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy.

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wise to rule the state,
Not foolish to be pointed at ;
Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :
If such an one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

BLESS'D AS TH' IMMORTAL, &c.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

YOU MAY CEASE, &c.

YOU may cease to complain,
For your suit is in vain ;
All attempts you can make,
But augments her disdain ;
She bids you give over
While 'tis in your power,
For except her esteem
She can grant you no more :

Her

Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun ;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wise,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise ;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power ;
 Though esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet here I'll adore.

A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share :
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true lover, tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me ;
 'Tis mean to give o'er
 'Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard ;

My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without hopes of return ;
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's name.

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ;
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And he liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
 A bumper, to cherish his heart :
 And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at mens follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tittle and cherish his soul ;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl ;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff :
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But drinking much-talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :

Late hours he most certainly lov'd
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home ;
 And, to show he lov'd wine that was good,
 To the last, (we may truly aver it),
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
 Because he tippled good wine
 Till himself was unable to speak ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine :
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.

By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

HERE'S a health to the king, and a lasting peace,
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death ;
 And he that won't with this comply,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down, down,
 Down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long
 B' our first fair toast to grace our song ;
 Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew ;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

Here's a thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country deal :
 But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl :
 And all that with such rogues comply,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
 Let Bacchus' health round swiftly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love ;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY MERRY BE.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post ;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know where we shall go
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny into his purse :
Let him be be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me put in his stead :
Let him be merry, &c.

JOLLY MORTALS.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when just going
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :
Drank about at council-board

Made

Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

SINCE WE DIE, &c.

SINCE we die by the help of good wine,
I will that a tune be my shrine;
And engrave it on my tomb,
Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave,
Who with, &c
Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And leave an everlasting name,
Since thus to die, &c.
Drink, drink away, drink, drink away;
And let us be nobly interr'd,
Drink, drink, &c.
Let misers and slaves
Pop into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
Let misers, &c.

BACCHUS IS A POWER, &c.

BACCHUS is a power divine;
For he no sooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares resign,
And droop, and droop, and sink down dead:
Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At least I fancy so;
And without thought of want I sing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
With flowers, wav'd into a garland crown'd:
Then, then I begin to live,
And scorn what all the world can show or give.
Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour and delight,
To make a noise, a noise and fight,
Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,

Whilst

Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
 Then fill my glass, fill fill it high;
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;
 But when bottles are rang'd

Make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,
 When I am sunk,
 The difference to lie dead,
 And lie dead drunk.
 The fighting fool, &c.

YE VIRGIN POWERS, &c.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart
 From amorous looks and smiles;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do my pity move;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.

But if through passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure
 Needs every virtue's aid;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

WHY SHOU'D A FOOLISH, &c.

WHY shou'd a foolish marriage-vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,
 Till love was lov'd out of us both;

But

But our marriage is dead,
 When the pleasure is fled;
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
 And further love in store,
 What wrong has he whose joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I should bar him of another:
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give ourselves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

MY DEAR MISTRESS, &c.

My dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me;
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one day afunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses:
 Angels listen when she speaks;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day afunder.

I'LL SAIL UPON THE DOG-STAR.

I'LL sail upon the dog-star,
 And then pursue the morning;
 I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
 I'll make her leave her horning.
 I'll climb the frosty mountain,
 And there I'll coin the weather,

I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget ;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Gresham college judge it :

While I mount yon blue celum,
To shun the tempting gypsies ;
Play at foot ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

PRITHEE, SUSAN, WHAT DOST, &c.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Susan, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring ?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear ;
Alas, poor thing !

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan ;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love ;
Alas, poor man !

JAMES.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye ;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan ;
Alas, poor heart !

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold ; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole ;
And know that she as well as thee ;
Alas, poor soul !

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who ;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,

N

And

And ease thy heart of all this smart ;
Alas, poor girl !

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you should know,
I fear 'twould make you sad,
And pine away both night and day ;
Alas, poor lad !

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you
That I burn in these flames ;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor James !

SUSAN.

Say you so, then Jamie know,
If you should prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas, poor Sue !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we shall wed to-day :
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
Come, let's away.

WHEN LOVELY PHILLIS, &c.

WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind :
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine :

But when thou insult'st and laugh'st at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling champaign ;
So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I see,
I fairly quit my friends for thee ;
Persuasive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again.

But

But when thou art cruel, and heedst not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair;
So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god with the power of another.

YOU THAT LOVE MIRTH, &c.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,
A moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad, and an Irish dear-shoy;
They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any such name
As they were a-walking,
And merrily talking,
At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.
Haha! cries Sawny, What do you ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it'sh shaint Patrick's cross.
Says Sawny, ye'll find yoursell meikle mistaken,
For it is faint Andrew's cross I can swear;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.
Nay, o' my shoul shoy, thou tellest all lees,
For that I will shwear is shaint Patrick's coat;
I shee't him in Ireland buying the frieze,
And that I am shure ish the same that he bought;
And he ish a shaint much better than ever
Made either the covenant'sh sholemn or league:
For o' my shalwashion,
He was my relashion,
And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague.
Wherefore, says Teague, I will, by my shoul,
Lay down my naphack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy cross' feet I will fall,
And shay pater noshter, and some of our creeds:
So Teague began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before faint Patrick's cross;
N 2 The

The wind fell a blowing,
And set it a going,

And gave our dear shoy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor Teague
Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grafs,
Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gigg,
And none (he roar'd out) of saint Patrick's crofs:
But ish it indeed, cries he in a passion,
The crofs of our shaint that has crost me so fore ;
Upo' my shalwashion,
This shall be a cawshion,
To trust to shaint Patrick's kindness no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
This patron of your's is a very sad loun,
To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon :
Let me advise you to serve our saint Andrew,
He, by my faul, was a special gude man :
For since your shaint Patrick
Has serv'd you sic a trick,
I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

MAY THE AMBITIOUS EVER FIND.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And all the world think them wise,
While I lie at my Nanny's feet,
And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
And melt in court-delights :
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

CELIA,

CELIA, TOO LATE, &c.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent,
 The offering all your store
 Is now but like a pardon sent,
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the blifs too late,
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valu'd medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
 That's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before the love is gone?

YES, ALL THE WORLD WILL, &c.

YES, all the world will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd
 That were for public good design'd:
 Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two souls which passion does unite ;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away,
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past ?

MY GODDESS LYDIA, &c.

MY goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.
O ! let me gaze on those bright eyes,
'Tho' sacred light'ning from them flies ;
Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.
Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival Jove in bliss,
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.
O ! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.
Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
Thou art all over endless charms ;
O ! take me dying to thy arms.

WHY WE LOVE, &c.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.
If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for Zelinda die,
 Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
 Ask not me the reason why,
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

HARK HOW THE TRUMPET, &c.

HARK how the trumpet sounds to battle,
 Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say,
 While honour alarms me,
 Young Cupid disarms me,
 And Celia so charms me,
 I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
 Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms ;
 Celia no more then must be obey'd
 Cannons are roaring and ensigns display'd :
 The thoughts of promotion,
 Inspire such a notion,
 Of Celia's devotion
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
 Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours :
 O may she ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign ;
 Firm constancy grant her,
 My true love shall haunt her,
 My soul cannot wast her,
 She's all so divine.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May ;

Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go:
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

AS THE SNOW IN VALLEYS, &c.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once controul'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move:
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Employ time, lest age resum'g
 What your youth profusely lends ;
 You are robb'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

FAIR AMORET IS GONE ASTRAY.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandering shepherdes discover.
 Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.
 With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Though certain aim and art direct them.
 She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

DAMON, IF YOU WILL, &c.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not fighting round the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
 Faint attempts in love are vain.
 Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field :
 To a powerful kind invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.
 Though she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries you're rude and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pity ;
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find,
This her cruel furious lover,
Much more gentle, not so kind.

IF SHE BE NOT KIND, &c.

IF she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass,
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

AWAKE, THOU FAIREST, &c.

HE.

AWAKE, thou fairest thing in nature,
How can you sleep when day does break ?
How can you sleep, my charming creature,
When half a world for you are awake ?

SHE.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window by the dawn ?

HE.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

SHE.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear ;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms ?

'Tis

'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

IN SPITE OF LOVE, &c.

IN spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Though she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover;
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd sense;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But best of all! she has no tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me;
Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
And has a most delicious smack;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your hands about her waist,
And raise her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom, never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

O SUR.

O SURPRISING LOVELY FAIR !

O SURPRISING lovely fair !
 Who with Chloe can compare ?
 Sure she's form'd for beauty's queen,
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
 By far excels all nymphs I've seen ;
 No mortal eye
 Can view her nigh,
 Too exquisite for human sight to see :
 Though she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love,
 The charming she.

WHEN BRIGHT AURELIA, &c.

WHEN bright Aurelia tript the plain,
 How cheerful then were seen,
 The looks of every jolly swain,
 Who strove Aurelia's heart to gain,
 With gambols on the green ?
 Their sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly air ;
 They'd sing, and dance, and pipe, and play,
 Each strove to please, some different way,
 This dear enchanting fair.
 The ambitious strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 'Till Phaon's tuneful voice and lyre,
 With softest music did inspire
 Her soul to generous love.
 Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
 Their arts prov'd all in vain ;
 Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repin'd,
 The more she loves the swain.

AWAY,

AWAY, YOU ROVER.

AWAY, you rover,
 For shame give over,
 You play the lover
 So like an afs;
 You are for storming,
 You think you're charming,
 Your faint performing,
 We read in your face.

HE, WHO FOR EVER.

HE, who for ever
 Would hope for favour,
 He must endeavour
 To charm the fair :
 He dances, he dances,
 He da -a-a-a-a-ances,
 He sighs, and glances,
 He makes advances,
 He sings, and dances,
 And mends his air.

GO, GO, GO, GO, FALSEST, &c.

Go, go, go, go, falsest of thy sex, begone,
 Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myself alone !
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my innocence ?
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

Young Celia, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
 " Love, like a dream usher'd by night,
 " Flies the approach of morning light."
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

She who believes man when he swears,
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst :
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

BELINDA, WITH, &c.

BELINDA, with affected mein,
 Tries all the power of art ;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart :
 Whilst Chloe, in a different way,
 Is but herself to please,
 And makes new conquests every day,
 Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire ;
 While Chloe's artless shining eyes,
 Set all the world on fire :
 Belinda may our pity move :
 But Chloe gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS,

ON a bank of flowers,
 In a summer-day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth,
 Fair Celia lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd ;
 When a youthful swain,
 With admiring eyes,
 Wish'd that he durst
 The sweet maid surprise ;
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
 A gentle zephyr arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside ;
 And the sleeping nymph
 Did the charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide :

Then

Then his breath grew short,
 And his pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch
 What he chanc'd to spy ;
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
 With her beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous wind ;
 Then in whispers sigh'd,
 And the gods desir'd,
 That Celia might be kind :
 When with hopes grown bold,
 He advanc'd amain ;
 But she laugh'd loud
 In a dream, and again,
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)
 Her glowing bosom press'd :
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He would pursue :
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But Damon mist his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ?
 'To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
 Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a maid.

WHILE SILENTLY I LOV'D, &c.

WHILE silently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
 To tell my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.

But when I once my flames express,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.

If thus, Corinna, you shall frown
 On all that I adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

OH! HAPPY, HAPPY GROVE.

OH! happy, happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love;
 Oh! happy, happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a Jove;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 And all—and all was love:
 But Corinna perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady groves;
 When I speak of human joys,
 She knows not what I mean;
 Wanton glances, fond caresses
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'ry green:
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
 Where the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

THE

THE SAGES OF OLD.

THE sages of old,
 In prophesy told,
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;
 But our new English breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,
 And preach up false tenets to many ;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his friend,
 And the church and the senate would settle :
 Who delights not in blood,
 But draws when he shou'd,
 And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
 Nor politic things,
 Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;
 But takes a full glass,
 To his country's success,
 This, this is an honest brave fellow.

WE ALL TO CONQUERING, &c.

WE all to to conquering beauty bow,
 Its pleasing power admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a face till now,
 That cou'd like your's inspire.
 Now I may say I meet with one,
 Amazes all mankind ;
 And, like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
 When longing lovers meet ;

Like

Like the divining prophets, wife ;
 Like new blown roses, sweet ;
 Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy night a bride ;
 A mien like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought it long !
 Ah ! were you to reward such care,
 And life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

PRITHEE, BILLY, &c.

PRITHEE, Billy, be'nt so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief ;
 You say, Betty will not let ye ;
 But can sorrow bring relief ?

Leave repining, cease your whining ;
 Pox on torment, tears, and woe :
 If she's tender, she'll surrender ;
 If she's tough,—e'en let her go.

KINDLY, KINDLY, &c.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm ;
 Let the passion know no measure,
 Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
 By dull doubting fall at odds ?
 Meet my soft embraces smiling,
 We'll be happy as the Gods.

A SOUR REFORMATION.

A SOUR reformation
 Crawls out through the nation,

While

While dunder-head sages
 Who hope for good wages,
 Direct us the way.

Ye sons of the muses,
 Then cloak your abuses ;
 And lest you shou'd trample
 On pious example,

 Observe and obey.
 Time-frenzy curers,
 And stubborn nonjurors,
 For want of diversion,

 Now scourge the lewd times:
 They've hinted, they've printed,
 Our vein it profane is,

 And worst of all crimes ;
 The clod-plated railers,
 Smiths, coblers, and tailors,
 Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion
 Of zeal for devotion,
 The humour has fir'd 'em,
 And malice inspir'd 'em,

 To tutor the age :
 But if in season,
 You'd know the true reason ;
 The hopes of preferment,
 Is what makes the vermin

 Now rail at the stage.
 Cuckolds and canters,
 With scruples and baaters
 Old Oliver's peal,

 Against poetry ring :
 But let state-revolvers
 And treason-absolvers,

 Excuse, if I sing,
 The rebel that choofes,
 To cry down the muses,
 Wou'd cry down the king.

ETTRICK

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick-banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight
 Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Earle to learn;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law,
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter-frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer-shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gai the longest day seem short.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.

Let

Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the birks of Invermay.

The lav' rocks now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring ;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer-suits ;
To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice :
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

HERO

HERO AND LEANDER.

An old Ballad.

LEANDER on the bay
 Of Hellespont all naked stood,
 Impatient of delay,
 He leapt into the fatal flood :
 The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show ;
 The heavens low'r'd
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

 Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain,
 Ye cruel rocks, and skies !
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas ! ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

 Lo ! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lies,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute ;
 The billows answer, No :
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

 Meanwhile the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid ;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :

O fate

O fate ! said she,
 Nor heaven, nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide.
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That Hero was undone ;
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our loves were ever one :
 'Tis proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
 Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim ;
 The sea-gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side.
 When join'd at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

RARE WILLY DROWN'D IN YARROW.

WILLY'S rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wondrous bonny ;
 And Willy height to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-lang winter night
 I ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side,
 Pou'd you the rose or lilly ?
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the claiving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A Clown in his dress may be honest far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean :
 A palm more polite, may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimics the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring gift to his mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does ly,
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a Miller, who wou'd be a King ?

TAMO TANTO.

So much I love thee, O my treasure,
 That my flame no bound does know :
 Oh ! look upon your swain with pleasure,
 For his pain some pity show.

Oh ! my charmer though I leave you,
 Yet my heart with you remains ;

Let

Let not then my absence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.

THE BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

SINGING charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and saints approve ;
All we below
Of heaven can know,
Is that they both sing and love.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair :
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and surprize ;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

Let the violin and harp,
Hang and moulder till they warp ;
Let the flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none,

Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;

O

But

But 'tis thy true love Willy
 From Scotland new come home,
 O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
 I pray thee speak to me,
 Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man ;
 And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret ! &c. as fourth Stanza.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
 Afar beyond the sea ;
 And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
 That's now speaking to thee.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
 And for to do her best,
 Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,
 God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dead corp followed she.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
 Or any room at your feet ?
 Or any room at your side, Willy,
 Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;
 There's no room at my feet ;

There's

There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

GREAT LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF SWEET SENISINO.

AS musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes:
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears, &c,

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
She told me, her sweet Senisino was flown;
And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
And in, &c.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye!
To beauty so blooming what man can be blind!
To passion so tender what monster unkind!
To beauty, &c.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,
That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,
My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
My warbler, &c.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some black bird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky;
Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

No linnet, no black bird, no sky lark, said she,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three;
My sweet Senifino, for whom I now cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
My sweet, &c.

Adieu, Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER.

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart;
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

DID ever swain any nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me,

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.

I always

I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,

Have I not rose by break of day ?

Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,

If Robin in his barn had hay ?

Tho' to my fields they welcome were,

I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,

I cheerfully did give her two ;

And I her lambs did safely keep

Within my folds in frost and snow :

Have they not there from cold been free,

But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,

'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;

Full as they were, I brought them home :

Her corn I carried to the mill ;

My back did bear the sack, but she

Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry, oats I gave,

I'm sure they always had the best :

Within this week her pigeons have

Eat up a peck of pease at least.

Her little pigeons kifs, but she

Will never take a kifs from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,

And Nanny still on Robin frown,

Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,

If Nanny does not love me soon !

If no relief to me she'll bring,

I'll hang me in her apron-string.

THE SCULLION'S COMPLAINT.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,

A scullion so hungry was laid,

A pudding was all his desire ;

A kettle supported his head.

The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply ;
 And the gutter that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water and wish,
 I think it had better been fry'd.
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
 Oh ! might I but eat it he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe,
 It was made for so homely a clown ;
 Or that it would have a reprieve
 From the dainty fine folks of the town
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Would ever uneaten remove ?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen on love,

What tho' at the fire I have wrought,
 Where puddings we broil and we fry,
 Tho' part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by.
 Ah Colin ! thou must not be first,
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than mine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail.
 Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go ;
 'Tis its fate to be often above,
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breasts any pity be found,

Ye servants that earlieſt dine,
 Come ſee how I lie on the ground :
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell ;
 And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
 Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim :
 Whilſt Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
 Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

THE HUNTERS SONG.

WHEN betimes in the morn to the fields we repair,
 We range where the chace may be ſeated ;
 At the ſound of the horn all diſturbance and care
 Flies away from the din as defeated.

Then Jowler did roar, hearing Tolier before,
 Brave muſic makes Sweetlips and Mally,
 At the ſound of the noiſe the hunters rejoice,
 And the ſquat makes the ratches to rally.

Then caſting about, we find her anew,
 And we raiſe then a haloo to cheer them ;
 The echoes around from the mountains reſound,
 Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

And when ſhe turns weak, and her life's at the ſtake,
 We take care to make her a ſeizure ;
 And ſoon as we kill, we recover at will,
 And home we return at our leiſure.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
 With the beſt of good cheer can provide us ;
 Good liquors abound, and healths go around,
 Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

Then we riſe in a ring, we dance and we ſing,
 Having enough of our own, none to borrow :

Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing?
We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

THE JOLLY BENDER.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine;

It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine:

Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or sink,
My soul's ambition is to drink.

THE HAY-MAKER'S SONG.

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The sun in haste

Drives to the west,

With sports, with sports conclude the day,

Let every man chuse out his lass,

And then salute her on the gra's;

And when you find

She's coming kind,

Let not that moment pass;

Then we'll tofs off our bowls,

To true love and honour,

To all kind loving girls,

And the lord of the manor.

At night when round the hall we sit,

With good brown bowls

To cheer our souls,

And raise, and raise a merry chat:

When

When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,

Then we retreat,

And that repeat

Which all would gladly try

Then we'll tofs off our bowls,

To true love and honour,

To all kind loving girls,

And the lord of the manor.

Let lazy great ones of the town

Drink night away,

And sleep all day,

Till gouty, gouty they are grown

Our daily works such vigour give,

That nightly sports we oft revive,

And kiss our dames

With stronger flames

Than any prince alive :

Then we'll tofs off our bowls,

To true love and honour,

To all kind loving girls,

And the lord of the manor.

WATTY AND MADGE.

In imitation of William and Margaret.

'T WAS at the shining mid day hour,

When all began to gaunt,

That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,

And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon ham

That lang in reek had hung,

And horn-hard was his tawny hand

That held his hazel-rung.

So wad the fastest face appear

Of the maist dressy spark,

And such the hands that lords wad hae,

Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger like a gnawing worm,
 Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
 And nothing now but solid gear
 Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
 To his love Madge he ran,
 Sunk down into the chimney-nook
 With visage sour and wan.

Get up, he cries, my crishty love,
 Support my sinking faul
 With something that is fit to chew,
 Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,
 When the best cures for grief
 Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
 And a good junt of beef.

O! Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
 I but o'er justly trow'd
 Your love was thowless, and that ye
 For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
 When all were fast asleep,
 How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
 And comfort of your sight?
 How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,
 Now all my dimples slight?

Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks sae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters height,
 Yet let my hose fa' down?

O faithless Watty, think how aft
 I ment your farkes and hose;

For you how many bannocks stown,
How many cogues o'brose.

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,
And fidg'd he was sae fain.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Synce claw'd it aff most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

CELIA IN A JESSAMINE BOWER.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove westward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The swallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.
In a jessamine bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia she sat
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.
Rosy bowers she sung,
Whilst the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,

The

The industrious bees
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along ;
As he touch'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals ! beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound
Your fate you can't shun,
For you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

WERE NOT MY HEART LIGHT, I
WAD DIE.

THERE was anes a May, and she loo'd hae men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
But now she cries dool ! and a well a-day !
Come down to the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries dool ! &c.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me ;
He height me baith rings and mony braw things ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He height, &c.

He had a wee titty that loosed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
She rais'd such a pothier 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he ne'er wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like of me ?

Albeit

Albeit I was bonny I was na for Johnny ;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
 Albeit I was, &c.

They said, I had neither cow nor ca'f,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins through the draff,
 Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill eye :
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
 Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee.
 And then she ran in and made a loud din ;
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
 And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
 His auld'ane looks ay as well as some's new :
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
 And cast himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
 But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
 The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
 And were na my heart light I wad die.
 The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lily-white lee ;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.
 And linking, &c.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your soul posselt,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye Gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind Jeany lo'ed me !
 Hey ho Jeany, quoth he,
 Kind Robin loe's thee.

JEANY.

JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me!
Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate, who sings with so much art,
Whose life to save with mine I'd part;
For kind Katy loves me.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice;
For kind Paty lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain;
For kind Robin lo'es thee.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind, as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin loe's me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

O MY HEAVY HEART.

Tune,—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

O MY heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain!

No tongue can e'er describe its smart,
Nor I conceal its pain.

Blow on ye winds, descend, soft rain,
To sooth my tender grief:
Your solemn music lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.
O my heart, &c.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit
Can ease my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark shades I pass the day,
Where echo sleeping lies.
O my heart, &c.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
And glittering deck the night,
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their sight.
O my heart, &c.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bless the nymph
Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

The strongest passion of the mind,
The greatest bliss we know,
Arises from successful love,
If not the greatest woe.
O my heart, &c.

BELLASPELLING.

ALL you that wou'd refine your blood
As pure as fam'd Lewelling,
By water clear. come every year,
And drink at Bellaspelling.

Tho'

Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
 With rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your skin, e'er you have been
 A month at Bellaspelling.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
 When they come from their dwelling,
 The kindling rose within them blows
 While she's at Bellaspelling.
 The sooty brown just come from town,
 Grows here as fresh as Helen;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux
 By dint of Bellaspelling.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As Rofs or bright Dunkelling,
 And Mars might make a fair mistake;
 Were he at Bellaspelling.
 We must submit as they think fit,
 And there is no rebelling;
 The reason's plain, the ladies reign
 Our queens at Bellaspelling.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,
 They have the way of quelling.
 Such desperate foes, as dare oppose
 Their power at Bellaspelling.
 Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
 I know't because I fell in
 The happy stream where a fair dame
 Did bathe at Bellaspelling.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
 And bring their Anne and Nell in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with Bellaspelling.
 No politics, or subtiler tricks,
 No man his country selling;
 We eat and drink and never think,
 Like rogues at Bellaspelling.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
 They all come here pell-mell in,
 And they are sure to find a cure
 By drinking Bellaspelling.

Tho'

Tho' dropfy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at Bellaspelling.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come judge, and try, you'll never die
While you 're at Bellaspelling.
Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in,
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
You die at Bellaspelling.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much,
Each day at Bellaspelling.
Within this bound we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's sake
All night at Bellaspelling.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at Bellaspelling.
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unless I shou'd bring hell in;
But since we're here to heaven so near,
I can't at Bellaspelling.

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

THE graces and the wand'ring loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns or in the groves
To wound admiring swains:
With their bright Mistress there they stray,
Who turns their careless eyes
From daily victories; yet each day
Behold new triumphs in her way
And conquers as she flies,
And conquers, &c.

But

But see! implor'd by moving prayers
 To change the lover's pain;
 Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
 And brings the Fair again.
 Proud mortals who this maid pursue,
 Think you she'll e'er resign?
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
 'Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
 Or you like her divine,
 Or you, &c.

THE SWEET TEMPTATION.

SAW ye the nymph whom I adore?
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?
 And can you bid me love no more?
 And can you think I feel no smart!
 So many charms around her shine,
 Who can the sweet temptation fly?
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
 That I must love her, though I die.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Græme in the West country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 A haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooley, hooley rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing :
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him ;
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead bell ringing,
 And every jow that the dead bell gied,
 It cry'd Woe to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it fast and narrow,
 Since my love dy'd for me to-day.
 I'll die for him-to-morrow.

THE TOPER'S PETITION.

O GRANT me, kind Bacchus,
 The god of the vine,
 Not a pipe nor a tun,
 But an ocean of wine,
 With a ship that's well mann'd
 With such rare-hearted fellows,
 Who ne'er left the tavern
 For a porterly ale-house.

Let the ship spring a leak,
 To let in the tippie,
 Without pump or long-boat,
 To save ship or people :
 So that each jolly lad
 May always be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink,
 Or to drink, or be drown'd.

When

When death does prevail,
 It is my design
 To be nobly entomb'd
 In a wave of good wine :
 So that living or dead,
 Both body and spirit,
 May float round the world
 In an ocean of claret.

THE RELIEF BY THE BOWL.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,
 Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief :
 If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
 And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another,
 Till, like sons of Apollo, we'll make our wit soar,
 Or, in homage to Bacchus, fall down on the floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,
 Each of them delighted to toss off their bowls ;
 Then let us, to shew ourselves mortals of merit,
 Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise :
 But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

ON MASONRY.

BY mason's art, the aspiring dome
 In various columns shall arise ;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.
 Heroes and kings revere their name,
 And poets sing their deathless fame.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise, and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim ;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim ;
 Time shall their glorious acts enrol,
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

THE COQUET.

FROM Whyte's and Will's,
To purling rills,
The love-sick Strephon flies ;
There full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town ;
But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full of the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry Strephon swore,
And what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

GENTLY TOUCH, &c.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast,
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

IMITATED

GENTLY stir and blow the fire
Lay the mutton down to roast :

Get

Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dripping-pan a toast,
 That my hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies:
 Oh the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean;
 Pickles get of every sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green:
 Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
 O ye gods! how I shall dine.

THE HAPPY BEGGARS.

Queen of the Beggars.

HOW blest are beggar-lasses,
 Who never toil for treasure!
 Who know no care, but how to share
 Each day successive pleasure.
 Drink away, let's be gay,
 Beggars still with bliss abound,
 Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
 Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

First Woman.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
 No want of clothes oppresses;
 We live at ease with rags and fleas,
 We value not our dresses.
 Drink away, &c.

Second Woman.

We scorn all ladies washes,
 With which they spoil each feature,

Nor

Nor patch nor paint our beauties want,
We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

Third Woman.

No cholic, spleen, or vapours,
At morn, or evening tease us ;
We drink no tea, nor ratafia ;
When sick, a dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

Fourth Woman.

That ladies act in private,
By nature's soft compliance ;
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiss without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

Fifth Woman.

We know no shame or scandal,
The beggars law befriends us ;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Sixth Woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus we drown all sorrow ;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleasure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

LUCY AND COLIN.

*OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face :
'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh !

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life was near an end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring ;
 And, shrieking at her window thrice,
 The raven flapp'd his wing :
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke,
 The virgins weeping round :

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 " Which says I must not stay ;
 " I see a hand you cannot see,
 " Which beckons me away.
 " By a false heart and broken vows,
 " In early youth I die :
 " Was I to blame, because his bride
 " Was thrice as rich as I ?
 " Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone ;
 " Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own.
 " To-morrow in the church to wed,
 " Impatient both prepare :
 " But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
 " That Lucy will be there.
 " Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,
 " The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
 " He in his wedding trim so gay,
 " I in my winding sheet."
 She spoke, she dy'd : Her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then

Then what were perjurd Colin's thoughts
 How were these nuptials kept !
 The bride's-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell ;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.
 From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.
 Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
 And plighted maids are seen,
 With garlands gay and true love-knots
 They deck the sacred green.
 But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him here.

DERMET'S CRONCH.

ONE Sunday after mass,
 Dermot and his lass
 To the greenwood did pass,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone.

He ask'd for a pogue,
 And she call'd him a rogue,
 And struck him with her brogue,
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

Said he, my dear shoy,
 Why will you prove coy ?
 Let us play, let us toy,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

If I were so mild,
 You are so very wild,
 You would get me a shild.
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

He brib'd her with fruits,
 And he brib'd her with nuts,
 'Till a thorn prick'd her foots.
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

Shall I pull it out !
 You will hurt me I doubt,
 And make me to shout.
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

A REVIEW OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COVENT GARDEN.

HAVING spent all my time
 Upon women and wine,
 I went to the church out of spite ;
 But what the priest said
 Is quite out of my head,
 I resolv'd not to edify by't.

All the women I view'd,
 Both religious and lewd,
 From the fable top-knots to the scarlets ;
 An even wager I'd lay,
 That at a foul play,
 The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

Madam Lovely I saw
 With her daughters-in-law,
 Whom she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday ;
 In the midst of her prayers
 She negociates affairs,
 And signs assignations for Monday.

Next a baron-knight's daughter,
 Whose own mother taught her,
 By precept and practical notions,
 To wear gaudy clothes,
 And to ogle the beaux,
 Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

Next

Next a lady of fame,
Whom we shall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching ;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying or preaching

Madam fair there she sits,
Almost out of her wits,
Betwixt vice and devotion debating ;
She's as vicious as fair,
And has no business there,
To hear master Tickle-text prating.

From the corner of the square
Comes a hopeful young pair,
As religious as they see occasion ;
But if patches or paint
Be true signs of a saint,
We've no reason to fear their damnation.

When thus he had done,
He blest every one,
With his benediction the people :
So I ran to the Crown,
Lest the church shou'd fall down,
And beat out my brains with the steeple.

SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
Oh ! there I beheld a most beautiful lass,
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
And she on her head wore a garland of green ;
Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes
They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies ;
And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind ?
Ah ! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree ?
Ah ! why does he change to another from me ?

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?
 Sufanna will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There did we pass the soft minutes away;
 Then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.
 And as we went forth to harrow and plough,
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow:
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee!
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care:
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me:
 But if she believe him the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain.
 For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he would make her his wife;
 She could not refuse him, so to church they went;
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue;
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true?

THE COBLER.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate,
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented hework'd, and hethought himself happy
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brow nappy;
 He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
 Saying just to a hair I've made both ends meet.
 Derry down, &c.

But

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole:
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,

Oh? where have you been!

They have slain the Earl of Murray,

And they have laid him on the green!

They have, &c.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,

And wherefore did you sae?

I bade you bring him wi' you,

But forbae you him to slay.

I bade, &c.

He was a braw gallant,

And he rid at the ring;

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh! he might have been a King.

And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove :
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

Oh ! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
E'er she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.
E'er she, &c.

IF E'ER I DO WELL, 'TIS A WONDER.

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad ;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder :
I spent all my means
On whores, bawds and queans :
Then I got a commission to plunder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

The hat I have on,
So greasy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its shining :
'Tis stitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
Fall all de rall, &c.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the arm-pits and elbows,
That I look as absurd
As a sailor on board,
That has lain fifteen months in the bilbos.
Fall all de rall, &c.

My shirt it is tore
 Both behind and before,
 The colour is much like a cinder;
 'Tis so thin and so fine,
 That it is my design
 To present it to the muses for tinder.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

My blue fustian breeches
 Are worn to the stitches,
 My legs you may see what's between them;
 My pockets all four,
 I'm the son of a whore,
 If there's ever one farthing within them.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

I've stockings 'tis true,
 But the devil a shoe,
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
 Be damn'd the boot sole,
 Curse on the spur roll,
 Confounded be the upper leather.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

Had you then but seen
 The sad plight I was in,
 Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty;
 I have nothing that's full,
 But my shirt and my skull,
 For my pockets and belly were empty.
 Fall all de rall, &c

THE FUMBLER'S RANT.

COME carls a' of fumblers ha,
 And I will tell you of our fate,
 Since we have married wives that's braw,
 And canna please them when 'tis late:
 A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer:
 What faults we have our wives can tell;
 Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
 The auldest bairn we hae's our sell.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
 The parish priest 'tis he can tell,

We aw him nought but a grey groat,
 The offering for the house we dwell.
 Our bairns' tocher is a' paid,
 We're masters of the gear our fell :
 Let either well or wae betide,
 Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our nibour's auld son and the las,
 Into the barn amang the strae,
 He grips her in the dark beguets,
 And after that comes meikle wae.
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carl baith corn and hay ;
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nibour Robie,
 The way the carl does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and his daughter Maggy :
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ?
 The hussiey maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are not fae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam :
 We'll fit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa' the cock, he's spoilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell ;
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't my fell.
 And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll take a soup of the barley-bree,
 And drink to our yell fire-side.

THE MATRON'S WISH.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
 And my visage looks pale ;
 When my forehead has wrinkles,
 And my eye-sight does fail ;
 Let my words and my actions
 Be free from all harm,
 And may I have my old husband
 To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

The pleasures of youth
 Are flowers but of May ;
 Our life's but a vapour,
 Our body's but clay :
 O let me live well,
 Tho' I live but a day.

With a sermon on Sunday,
 And a bible of good print ;
 With a pot on the fire,
 And good viands in't ;
 With ale, beer, and brandy,
 Both winter and summer,
 To drink to my gossip,
 And be pledg'd by my cummer.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poultry,
 And some money in store,
 To purchase the needful,
 And to give to the poor.
 With a bottle of Canary
 To sip without sin,
 And to comfort my daughter
 Whene'er she lies in.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy
 To rest on at night,

With a maid in the morning
To rise with the light.

To do her work neatly,
And obey my desire,
To make the house clean,
And blow up the fire.
The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content,
And a good easy-chair;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare.
Let me dwell near my cup-board,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glass eyes
To clap on my nose.
The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead,
With a sigh let them say,
Our honest old cummer's
Now laid in the clay;
When young, she was cheerful,
No scold, nor a whore;
She assisted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.
Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour
Evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy
Unto her last day.

THE FREE MASONS SONG.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled, on merry occasion:
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
 Our secret to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on :
 They ne'er can divine
 The word, or the sign,
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship we're just,
 Our actions we guide by our reason :
 By observing this rule,
 The passions move cool
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

All idle debate
 About church or the state,
 The springs of impiety and treason :
 These raisers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life
 Of a free and an accepted mason ;

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 Which adds high renown to our station :
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

The clergy embrace,
 And all Aaron's race,
 Our square actions their knowledge to place on ;
 And

And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion :
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

'Then join hand in hand,
'T' each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on :
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted mason.

THE SAILOR'S RANT.

HOW pleasant a failor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main !
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true ;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy ?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Go thorow the world, brave boy.

The word is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
While plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright ;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that to politics are strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try :
 No mortal than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why should, &c.

A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE
 BY DR. SIFWT.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
 I a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must giv's way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
 Him the boar, in silence creeping
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre,
 Sooth my ever waking numbets,
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Meander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,

On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate;
 See the birds of Juno stooping:
 Melody resigns to fate.

SYLVIA AND THE FLASK.

I THANK thee, my friend,
 That at length you declare,
 Why Sylvia's so coy
 As to shun me with care.
 I mus'd every night,
 And rack'd my poor soul,
 To find out the cause
 Of a falsehood so foul.

But she tells me she cannot
 With claret agree,
 That she thinks of a hog'shead
 Whene'er she sees me:
 That I smell like a beast,
 And therefore that I
 Must resolve to forsake her
 Or claret, good claret deny.

Ye gods! was e'er it known
 That beasts smell'd of wine?
 They brutishly abhor
 A liquor so divine:
 'Tis when we are most beasts,
 When like them in common,
 We eagerly go a hunting
 For the next lewd woman.

Must I leave my dear bottle,
 That has been ever my friend,
 Which prolongs all my joys,
 To my grief puts an end?
 Which inspires me with wit,
 And makes me so sublime,

That

That there's none are like us
That drink the best wine.

But Silvia, whom nature
So perfect has made,
Has no room left for wishes,
New beauties to add.
Must I leave her? I'm sorry,
It is too hard a task;
Yet she may go to the devil,
Bring me the other flask.

LOVE, DRINK, AND DEBT.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
These many and many a year;
And these are plagues enough I shou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets;
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking again.

THE FARMER'S SON.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving and do not flight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
I honour your beauty bright;
For love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won:
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

No;

No ; I am a lady gay,
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have men of renown in country and town;
 So, Roger, without delay.
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,
 Their loves will soon be won ;
 But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
 As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
 To marry a farmer's son.

My father has riches in store,
 Two hundred a year and more,
 Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows and ploughs,
 His age is above threescore :
 And when he gives way, then merrily I
 Shall have what he has won ;
 Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a farmer's son.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
 Your proffer'd love I scorn ;
 'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
 And you're but a bumkin born.
 Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no harm is done :
 Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo
 As good as you, and win her toe,
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree :
 For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,
 Come prithee sit down by me ;
 For thou art the man that verily can
 Perform what must be done,
 Both straight and tall, genteel withal ;
 Therefore I shall be at your call
 To marry a farmer's son.

Dear Nelly, believe me now,
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives
 Like fellows that drive the plough.

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
 They don't to harlots run,
 As courtiers do; I never knew
 A London beau that cou'd outdo
 A country farmer's son.

THE ANGEL WOMAN.

When thy beauty appears
 With its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel
 New dropt from the sky;
 At a distance I gaze,
 And am aw'd by my fears!
 So strangely you dazzle mine eye!

But when without art
 Your thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes
 'Through every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes,
 When it pants from your heart,
 Then I know you are a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex, she reply'd,
 And thus (might I gratify both)
 I would do,
 Still an Angel appear
 To each lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

YOUNG Roger came tapping
 At Dolly's window,
 Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.
 He begg'd for admittance,
 She answer'd him, no;
 Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.
 My Dolly, my dear,
 Your true love is here,
 Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.

No,

No, no, Roger, no,
As you came you may go,
Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

Oh what is the reason,
Dear Dolly? he cry'd:
Humpaty, &c.

That thus I am cast off.
And unkindly deny'd:
Trumpaty, &c.
Some rival more dear
I guess has been here:
Crumpaty, &c.
Suppose there's been two, Sir,
Pray what's that to you, Sir?
Numpaty, &c.

Oh! then with a sad look
His farewell he took:
Humpaty, &c.
And all in despair
He leap'd into the brook:
Plumpaty, &c.
His courage he cool'd,
He found himself fool'd:
Mumpaty, &c.
He swam to the shore,
And saw Dolly no more:
Rumpaty, &c.

Oh! then she recall'd,
And recall'd him again:
Humpaty, &c.
Whilst he like a madman
Ran over the plain:
Slumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find
A damsel more kind:
Plumpaty, &c.
While Dolly afraid
She must die an old maid:
Mumpaty, &c.

JUMP AT A CRUST.

AS I am a friend,
 Be willing to lend
 An ear to these lines,
 Which in pity I penn'd.
 'Tis a cordial advice,
 Girls, be not too nice,
 Young lovers are now
 At another gate price
 Than they have been.

I pray you refrain
 Your scorn and disdain,
 If young men you slight,
 They'll slight you again.
 They'll make you run mad,
 Sigh heavy and sad,
 There are not so many
 Young men to be had
 As there have been.

Perhaps you suppose
 Fine furbelow'd clothes
 Will serve for a portion;
 But under the rose,
 If truth may be spoke,
 'Tis but a mere joke,
 For love without money
 Will vanish like smoke,
 Let me tell ye.

The country clown,
 When he comes to town,
 He values not miss
 With her butterfly gown;
 I tell you it won't do,
 There must be a few
 Bright glittering guineas,
 A thousand or two,
 Or he'll leave ye.

Young

Young men are grown wise,
 A portion they prize,
 They're done with the charms
 Of your conquering eyes.
 A portion! they cry;
 If love you would buy;
 In order to purchase,
 You then must bid high,
 Or live single.

Once batchelors they
 Did sigh, whine, and pray;
 But still were put off
 With a scornful delay.
 Down with your dust,
 A portion there must;
 Poor girls wou'd be glad
 To jump at a crust,
 Cou'd ye get it.

MERRY BEGGARS.

First Beggar.

I ONCE was a poet at London,
 I kept my heart still full of glee;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For begging's no new trade to me.
 Tol derol, &c.

Second Beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
 And after a knight of the post;
 Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
 And I value not who rules the roast.
 Tol derol, &c.

Third Beggar.

Make room for a foldier in buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about,
 Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely fold out.
 Toll derol, &c.

Fourth

Fourth Beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face ;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Because he mis'd getting a place.
Tol derol, &c.

Fifth Beggar.

I still am a merry gut-scaper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm ;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.
Tol derol, &c.

Sixth Beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd :
But my hearers half-starved their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I said.
Tol derol &c.

First Beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn ;
In palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a barn ?
Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS of all,

Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI

LITTLE Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire ;

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblor of the heart :
Oh too pleasing is thy strain !
Hence to southern climes again.

Tuneful

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell :
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

HAPPINESS.

Tune,—To all you ladies now at land.

MY dearest maid, since you desire
 To know what I would wish,
 What store of health I would require,
 To gain true happiness,
 This faithful inventory take
 Of all that life can easy make.

Here happy only are the few
 Who wish to live at home,
 Who never do extend their view
 Beyond their small income ;
 An income which should ever be
 The fruit of honest industry.

A soul serene and free from fears,
 With no contentions vex'd,
 Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
 To be at all perplex'd.
 A body that's with health endow'd,
 An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumspect,
 Unknowing to deceive,
 Yet ever wisely can reflect,
 Not easy to believe,
 As to my dress, let it be plain,
 Yet always neat without a stain.

A cleanly hearth and cheerful fire
 To drive away the cold,
 A moderate glass one would require
 When merry tales are told :
 The company of an easy friend,
 My like-in fortune and in mind.

Some

Some shelves of books of the right kind,
 For knowledge and delight,
 Nor intricate, nor interlin'd
 With narrow party spite :
 A garden fair, to paint me clear
 Nature's gradations through the year.
 To give true relish to delight,
 A chaste and cheerful wife,
 With sweetest humour to unite
 Our hearts as long as life :
 Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn
 Shall join the evening to the morn.
 So would we live agreeably
 And ever be content,
 To Providence ay thankful be
 For all those blessings lent.
 O sov'reign power ! but grant me this,
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

SMIRKY NAN.

AH ! woe's me, poor Willy cry'd,
 See how I'm watted to a span ?
 My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
 The charming lovely milk maid Nan.
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
 Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan,
 Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
 And all for thee, my smirky Nan.
 The ale-wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to take a hearty can ;
 But I can neither drink nor eat,
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
 The baker makes the best of bread,
 The flour he takes and leaves the bran ;
 The bran is every other maid
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

But

But Dick o' the green, that nasty lown,
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
 He snatch'd a kifs : I knock'd him down,
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.
 But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
 And rattles, tantara tarran,
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
 Woe's me ! I've lost my smirky Nan.

TARRY WOO.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
 Then the work is haffens done ;
 But when woven, drefs'd, and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as you go
 Through the winter's frost and snow ;
 Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
 Not by ha'f so useful are :
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer, mae :

No such music to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none ;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
'Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays,
Who'd be a king, can only tell,
When a shepherd sings so well ;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

ON HENRIETTA'S RECOVERY.

Tune—My deary if thou die.

IF heaven, its blessings to augment,
Call Henny to the skies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that she dies ;
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give such joy to me ;
How great must then be my despair,
My Henny, an thou die ?

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
And now my charmer smiles ;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles :
The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
Else I myself must die.

HODGE OF THE MILL AND BUXOM NELL.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon ;

Q

And

And he a wooing came,
 To bonny buxom Nell,
 Dear lass, cried he, could'st fancy me,
 I like thee wond'rous well.

My horses I have dress'd,
 And gi'en them corn and hay,
 Put on my best apparel;
 And having come this way,
 Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny Nell.
 Dear lass, cried he, could'st fancy me,
 I'll like thy person well.

Young Roger you're mistaken,
 The damsel then reply'd,
 I'm not in such a haste
 To be a ploughman's bride;
 Know I then live in hopes
 To marry a farmer's son;
 If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go;
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your horses you have dress'd,
 Good Hodge, I heard you say,
 Put on your best apparel;
 And being come this way,
 Come sit and chat a while.
 O no indeed, not I,
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
 I've other fish to fry.

Go take your farmer's son,
 With all my honest heart:
 What tho' my name be Roger,
 That goes at plough and cart?
 I need not tarry long,
 I soon may gain a wife:
 There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
 She loves me as her life.

Pray what of buxom Joan?
 Can't I please you as well!
 For she has ne'er a penny,
 And I am buxom Nell;

And

And I have fifty shillings,
 The money made him smile :
 O then my dear, I'll draw a chair,
 And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half an hour
 This couple a bargain struck,
 Hoping that with their money.
 They both wou'd have good luck :
 To your fifty I've forty,
 With which a cow we'll buy ;
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
 'Then who but you and I ?

BUTTERY MAY.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,
 Sae capernoytie, and fae bonny ;
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
 Tho' he were ne'er fae noble a kin.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
 In ilka town baith far and near,
 And when she kirns her minny's kirn,
 She rubs her face till it grows clear ;
 But when her minny she did perceive
 Sic great inlack amang the butter,
 Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
 'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
 The las with the petticoat dances right well,
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
 An ye dance ony mair, we'll tell Mefs Johny.
 Sing, &c.

THE WISE PENITENT.

Sung by Mr. Gay.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade;
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind;
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your soft notes
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
 But why should you your songs forbear?
 Your mates delight your songs to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood
 Dejected, as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood,
 I feel a sound my heart strings move:
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
 No, 'tis Chloe's sweeter tongue:
 Hark! hark! what says my love?

How simple is the nymph, she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain?
 Nature still speaks in womens eyes,
 Our artful lips are made to feign.
 Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart that love deny'd:
 Come back, dear youth, again,

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with trickling motion flew,
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd
 And hasty from his hold withdrew:
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
 Then had'st thou press'd my hand again
 My heart had yielded too

'Tis

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek :
Think not thy skill in song defam'd.

Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
Much, much thy music I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd ;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd ;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah Chloe ! thou art won.

The youth slept forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
Shame sudden light'ned in her face,
Confus'd she knew not what to say :
At last, in broken words she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

OLD DARBY.

An Advice to Chloe.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain ;
Your maxim that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve ;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition the sun-shine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,

And darkness obscures all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropfical, she is dim-eye'd,
Yet there ever uneasy afunder :
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door ;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to cover ;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove :
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

THE MODERN MARRIAGE-QUESTION

HAPPY the world in that blest age,
When beauty was not bought and sold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirst of baneful gold.
With the mean thirst, &c.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,
The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.
To breathe, &c.

Now

Now the first question fathers ask,
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,
 Is,—What's the settlement you'll make !
 You're poor !—He flings the door at you.
 You're poor, &c.

THE COUNTRY-WAKE.

I'LL sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but attention unto me a while,
 Of transactions in court, and in country too,
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil :
 Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
 To some 'twill give joy,
 And some others annoy :
 All's fair at a country wake.
 All's fair, &c.

Many ladies at court are styl'd unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill ;
 Whilst others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,
 Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,
 Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake :
 Then their toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last favour :
 Strange news at a country-wake.
 Strange news, &c.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,
 Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess,
 They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
 And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
 The farmer's industry doth earth fertile make ;
 The husbandman's plowing,
 His planting and sowing,
 Gets health and good cheer at a country wake.
 Gets health, &c.

Our maids blooming-fair, without washes or paints,
 From neighbouring villages hither resort,
 They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints ;
 (Who can say more for the ladies at court ?)
 No worldly cares vex them, asleep or awake,

But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth at a country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues :
Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,
Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigues,
Who chooses the former is happy and wise :
Now let's pray for the king, and, for Britain's sake,
From all factions free,
May his subjects agree,
As well at the court as the country-wake,
As well, &c.

OATHS IN FASHION.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on ;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.
For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;
A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

THE TERRIBLE LAW.

THE terrible law, when it fastens its paw
On a poor man, it grips till he's undone ;
And what I am doing may prove to my ruin.
Tho' rich as the lord mayor of London.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
Unless we first make a zure bargain ;
I will be dempnified, thoroughly satisfied,
That ch'an shan't zuffer a varding.

THE PLAY OF LOVE.

First Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on ;

Strephon,

Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careless air,
And smiles to find him in love's snare.

Second Act.

The act-tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for his pain,
Which she evades with some pretence,
And thinks she may with love dispense,
But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up whene'er she speaks;
But with feign'd slights she puts him by,
And faintly cries, she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other fair he'd try;
At which she swells with spleen and fear,
Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
She does no more his passion shun,
He straight into her arms does run:
The curtain falls, the play is done.

FANNY FAIR.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
The cause of all my woe!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know:
Unskill'd in the art of womankind,
Without design she charms;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms?

She knows her power is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes shows,
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than th' op'ning budding rose ;
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
 That charms the sense so much,
 Upon a thorny briar grows,
 And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At first when I beheld the fair,
 With raptures I was blest ;
 But as I would approach more near,
 At once I lost my rest ;
 Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
 Prepare me for my doom ;
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb.

THE BOTTLE PREFERRED.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
 Brisk wine's my delight,
 I'll drink all the day,
 And I'll revel all night.

As great as a monarch,
 The moments I pass,
 The bottle's my globe,
 And my sceptre's the glass.

The table's my throne,
 And the tavern's my court,
 The drawer's my subject,
 And drinking's my sport.

Here's the chief of all joy,
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy ;
 Dear cure of all sorrows,
 And life of all bliss :
 I'm a king when I hug you,
 But more when I kiss.

TIPPLING

TIPPLING JOHN.

AS tippling John was jogging on,
 Upon a riot night,
 With tottering pace, and fiery face,
 Suspicious of high flight;
 The guards, who took him by his look
 For some chief fiery-brand,
 Ask'd whence he came? what was his name:
 Who are you? Stand, friend, stand.

I'm going home, from meeting come,
 Ay, says one, that's the case;
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 The flame's still in his face.
 John thought it time to purge his crime,
 And said, my chief intent
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,
 I' th' meeting that I meant.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
 Says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd;
 Are you high-church or low?
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and strife,
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Barges go,
 To steeple-house, nor hall,
 The brisk bar bell best suits my zeal
 With gentlemen, d'ye call;
 Guess then, am I low church or high,
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And must make high flown people?

The guards came on, and look'd at John
 With countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round they all soon found
 He was no damag'd peasant.

Thus

Thus while John stood the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision ;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

BELINDA.

WOULD fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater blifs desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
 With all her beauty all her charms ;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.

BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
 And the cause, &c.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.
 She wounds, &c.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;
 In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die,
 Who sees her, &c.

THE

THE RIVAL.

OF all the torment, all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A rival is the worst.
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

HUNTING SONG ; GOING OUT.

HARK ! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn ;
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

All the day long,
 This, this is our song.
 Still hallooing,
 And following ;
 So frolic and free,
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds.
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.
 Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo hillo ;
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
 All the day, &c.

When

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the heath breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel !
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
All the day, &c.

THE RETURN FROM THE CHACE.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
With blues adorning the meadows and fields ;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.
The merry, &c.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
Then follow, &c.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ;
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day,
Then let us, &c

THE GIRL THAT'S BLYTH AND GAY.

Tune,—*Black Jack.*

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their soft eyes, and faces so bright ;
Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,
As warm as June, and sweet as May,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then cou'd be
So happy and so blest as we !
On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

CYNTHIA'S

CYNTHIA'S PERPLEXITY.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
 Yet she's vex'd if I give over ;
 Much she fears I should undo her,
 But much more to lose her lover ;
 Thus in doubting she refuses,
 And not winning thus she loses.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
 Then too late, desire will find you
 When the power must forsake you.
 Think upon the sad condition
 To be past, yet wish fruition.

NOUGHT BUT LOVE.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold ;
 When from the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love !

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor gardeys fair,
 A maiden's venal heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.

Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
Not all their shine can ever boast
The living lustre of her eyes:
For these the world too cheap would prove;
But I, alas! have nought but love.

O Sylvia! since nor gems, nor ore,
Can with your brighter gems compare,
Consider that I offer more,
More seldom found a soul sincere:
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I were once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph in my pain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other?
 To wreck thy spleen on? parricide,
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother!
 Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness Chloe.

SYLVIA TO ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover!
 How bashful and silly you grow!
 In my eyes can you never discover
 I mean Yes, when I often say No?
 I mean, &c.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
 And only intreat for a kiss;
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
 Alexis should ravish the bliss.
 Alexis should, &c.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town:
 To surrender without it were treason,
 Before that the out-works were won.
 Before that, &c.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;

He

He is but a pitiful lover
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.
 Who is, &c.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.
 Who hardly, &c.

THE SERIOUS LOVER.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you have won,
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Jenny, I'm undone.
 You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change
 At every face that's new :
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye ;
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true ;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

THE GRATEFUL ADMIRER.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last ;
 But tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.
 I'm grateful, &c.

CELIA

CELIA AND SABINA.

THIRSYS, a young and am'rous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdue :
 Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair ;
 Sabina's easy shape and air,
 With softer music drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die :
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye,

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes that love could only blind ;
 So set the lover free.
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or, with a true love knot or name,
 Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Celia ! sly Sabina cry'd,
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
 Let either fix the dart.
 Poor girl ! says Celia, say no more ;
 That spite which broke his chains before,
 Would break the other's heart.

THE FAIR WARNING.

YOUNG virgins love pleasure,
 As misers do treasure ;
 And both alike study
 To heighten the measure ;
 Their hearts they will rise
 For every new trifle,
 And when in their teens
 Fall in love for a song ;
 But soon as they marry,
 And find things miscarry :

Oh! how they sigh
 That they were not more wary.
 Instead of soft wooing,
 They run to their ruin,
 And all their lives after
 Drag sorrow along.

PETTICOAT WOOING.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 How can I speak without pain?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes:
 Why can't you the meaning explain?

My passion wou'd lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then pray don't expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 How can you expect it from me?
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine.
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

COLIN'S REPLY.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool;
 For me I would not give a shilling
 For one that does love without rule.

At least ye shou'd wait for our offers,
 Not snatch like olds maids in despair;
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,
 And not tell the matter so plain;
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain,

But

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I see;
The fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

THE COUNTRY LASSES AMBITION.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass?
I read it plainly in my glass,
That for a dutchess I might pass,
Oh! could I see the day!
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring and ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
At rivals I'll turn up my nose;
Oh! could I see the day!
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize;
And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a stand by, clear the way;

Oh! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night;
Oh! could I see the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a stand by, clear the way.

THE FOLLOWING SONG IS SAID TO
BE MADE IN HONOUR OF OUR SO-
VEREIGN LADY, MARY QUEEN OF
SCOTS.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,

Ye

Ye are but officers of the skies ;
 What are you when the moon doth rise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your fine purple colour known,
 'Taking possession of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are ye when the rose is blown ?

You charming birds, that in the woods,
 Do warble forth your lively lays,
 Making your passion understood
 In softest notes : What is your praise,
 When Philomel her voice does raise ?

You glancing jewels of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glittering gems ; what is your praise,
 When the bright diamond shews his rays.

But, ah ! poor light, gem, voice and smell,
 What are ye if my Mary shine ?
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
 Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,
 And yield to merit more divine.

Thus when my mistress you have seen,
 In beauties of her face and mind,
 First, by descent, she is a Queen ;
 Judge then if she be not divine,
 And glory of all womankind.

The rose and lily, the hale spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;
 The diamond darkens in the ring :
 When she appears the moon looks dead,
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

THERE GOWANS ARE GAY.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,
 There gowans are gay :
 They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,
 The first morning of May.

About

About the fields as I did pass,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
 The first morning of May.

Right busy was that bonny maid,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I has'd her, syne to her I said,
 The first morning of May :

O lady fair, what do you here ?
 There gowans are gay :
 Gathering the dew, what need ye speir ?
 The first morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?
 There gowans are gay ;
 Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
 The first morning of May.

I asked farther at her syne,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Gif to my will she wad incline ?
 The first morning of May.

She said, her errand was not there,
 Where gowans are gay ;
 Her maidenhead on me to ware,
 The first morning of May.

Then like an arrow from a bow,
 There gowans are gay ;
 She skift away out o'er the know,
 The first morning of May.

And left me in the garth my lane,
 There gowans are gay ;
 And in my heart a twang of pain,
 The first morning of May.

The little birds they sang full sweet,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Unto my comfort was right meet,
 The first morning of May.

And thereabouts I past my time,
 There gowans are gay ;

Until

Until it was the hour of prime,
The first morning of May.

And then returned hame bedeen,
There gowans are gay ;
Pansand what maiden that had been,
The first morning of May.

SLIGHTED LOVE SAIR TO BIDE.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartless gae ;
I had a mind, but daily was oppress ;
I had a friend that's now become my fae ;
I had a will that now has freedom lost :

What have I now ?

Naithing I trow,

But grief where I had joy :

What am I then ?

A heartless man :

Could love me thus destroy !

I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?
Where shall I find a place for my defence ?
Where my true love remains the fittest place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.

She is my heart

'Till I depart :

Let her do what she list.

I cannot mend,

But still depend,

And daily to insist,

To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
If not for love, let love my body starve.

O lady fair, whom I do honour most,
Your name and fame within my breast I have ;
Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And fall not rue
Ane word that I have said :

I am

I am your man,
Do what you can,
When all these plays are play'd.
Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

THE INVITATION.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,
Where we may hear the black-bird sing,
The robin-red-breast and the thrush,
And nightingale in thorny bush,
The mavis sweetly caroling ;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

See where the nymph, with all her train.
Comes skipping through the park amain,
And in this grove she means to stay,
At barley breaks to sport and play ;
Where we may sit us down and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt,
With chastity.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,
With many pleasant shady bowers,
A purling brook, whose silver streams
Are beautified with Phœbus' beams ;
Which steal out through the trees for fear,
Because Diana, because Diana
Bathes her there.

All her delight is as ye see,
This way to sport, and here to be
Delighting in this caller spring,
Only to bathe herself therein,
Until Actæon her espy'd ;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did she glyde.

And there by magic-art she wrought,
And in her heart she thus bethought
With secret speed away to flee
And he a hart was turn'd to be ;

R

Because

Because he follow'd Diana's train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

CAST AWAY CARES

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no restoir;
But I will sing hey down-a-dee,
And cast doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have, the more I fret;
Love I much, I care for more,
The more I have I think I'm poor:
Thus grief and care my mind opprefs,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redrefs;
Therefore I'll care no more in vain,
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

Is not this warld a slidd'ry ball?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall?
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
And fortune's but a painted show,
Why shou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by these comes no relief?
Some careful saw what careles reap,
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,
And care not for this worldly pelf:
Whether thy 'state be great or small,
Give thanks to God whate'er befall,
Sae fall thou then ay live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease;
Then may'lt thou sing, hey down-a-dee,
When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

THE

THE FAIREST OF HER DAYS.

WHOE'ER beholds my Helen's face,
 And says not that good hap has she;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Shall think nane ever spake but she.
 Too short way to resound her praise
 She is the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill:
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her still.
 The short way, &c.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whose buds are op'ning to the sun;
 Her comely colours to disclose
 The first degree of ripeness won.
 The short way, &c.

And with her red is mixt the white,
 Like to the sun or fair moon shine,
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine.
 The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.

N. B. The six foregoing Songs I took out of a very
 old MS. Collection, wrote by a Gentleman in
 Aberdeen.

LORD HENRY AND KATHARINE.

IN ancient times, in Britain's isle,
 Lord Henry well was known,
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
 Or more deserv'd renown;
 His thoughts on honour always run,
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love;
 No nymph in all the land had charms
 His frozen heart to move.

R 2

Amongst

Amongst the nymphs where Katharine came,
 The fairest face she shows,
 She was as bright as morning sun,
 And sweeter than a rose :
 Although she was of mean degree,
 She daily conquests gains ;
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
 And cures were all in vain :
 The sickness was to all unknown
 That did the fair one waste ;
 Her time in sighs and flood of tears,
 And broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
 Oh Henry, I'm undone !
 Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !
 Thy love must ne'er be known !
 Such is the fate of womankind,
 They must the truth conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Ere I my love reveal.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair.
 To Henry hy'd away ;
 My Lord, says she, we've found the cause
 Of Katharine's quick decay.
 She in a dream the secret told,
 Till now no mortal knew :
 Alas ! she now expiring lies,
 And dies for love of you !

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,
 His heart began to flame ;
 Ah, poor unhappy maid ! he cry'd,
 Yet I am not to blame.
 Ah Kath'rine ! too too modest maid,
 Thy love I never knew,

I'll

I'll ease your pain : and swift as wind
To her bed side he flew.

Awake ! awake ! he fondly cry'd,
Awake ! awake ! my dear ;
If I had only guess'd your love,
You ne'er had shed a tear :
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms ;
I come to save thee from despair,
And take thee to my arms.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She started from the bed :
Around his neck her arms she flung,
In extasy, and cried,
Will you be kind ? Will you indeed ;
My love !—and so she died.

THE MILKING-PAIL.

YE nymphs and Silvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When spring newly born herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds :
Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze
On yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that choose to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
To carry the milking pail.

You goddesses of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,
And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
A consort on each green thorn :
The black bird and thrush, on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of those of the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do rore,
 And flowers will spring no more,
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
 With winter's all candied o'er.
 See how the town lass looks with her white face,
 And her lips so deadly pale ;
 But it is not so with those that go
 'Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
 And carry the milking-pail.

The mifs of courtly mold,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old :
 While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plumps her tail.
 What joys are found in rushy ground,
 Young plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,
 Of those of the milking-pail ?

You girls of Venus game,
 'That venture health and fame,
 In practising feats, with cold and heats,
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :
 If men were so wise to value the prize
 Of wares most fit for sale,
 What store of beaux would daub their clothes,
 To save a nose, by following of those
 Who carry the milking-pail ;

The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen
 With his lass upon his knee ;
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
 And swears she'll never grow stale :
 But the London lass, in every place,
 With brazen face, despises the grace
 Of those of the milking-pail.

PHILLIS, DESPISE NOT.

PHILLIS, despise not your faithful lover,
 Play not the tyrant, because you are fair ;
 Beauty

Beauty will fade, my charming maid,
 Just as the lily, my beautiful Philly,
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,
 Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my Philly :
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?
 Angel divine ! wert thou but mine ;
 Pity my story, I laugh at all glory ;
 Here I protest, on thy dear breast,
 With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

DRINK WHILE YE CAN.

LET'S drink, my friends, while here we live,
 The fleeting moments as they pass
 This silent admonition give,
 T' improve our time, and push the glass.

When once we've enter'd Charon's boat,
 Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
 There's not a drop to wet our throat,
 The grave's a cellar void of wine.

MEDLERS OUT OF SEASON.

COME, lads, ne'er plague your heads
 With what is done in Spain,
 But leave to them
 Who are supreme,
 To settle peace again :
 Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
 Pays no nation's debt ;
 'Tis time must clear it,
 Just like claret,
 When it is on the fret.

Each one should mind his own,
 Not business of the state :
 This all we get,
 By meddling yet,
 More troubles to create.

Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
 But disturb the town :
 Such men of mettle,
 In a kettle,
 Make two holes for one.

 If you the dangers knew
 Of those that wear a crown,
 You'd scarce envy
 A state so high,
 But wisely use your own :
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
 With the dazzling height ;
 Yet daily slooping,
 Almost drooping
 Underneath the weight.

 Low swains that range the plains,
 Their native freedom keep,
 Who yet command,
 With crook in hand,
 Their faithful dog and sheep :
 Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,
 None but time deceive ;
 Whilst Amaryllis,
 Jug and Phillis,
 Flow'ry garlands weave.

COMPLAINT OF SCORN.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face,
 I can behold with love !
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind :
 And as I range from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.

But O ! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part ;
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart,

So restless exiles, as they roam,
 Meet pity ev'ry where;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Tho' death attends them there.

LOVE OR WINE.

IF Phillis denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;
 Though she laughs at my am'rous grief,
 At my mirth why should she repine?
 At my mirth, &c.

The sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And by drinking what can I do more?
 And by drinking, &c.

Would Phillis but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows would approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.
 And be drunk, &c.

*Twenty-one favourite Songs in the Beggar's
 Opera.*

S O N G I.

Tune,—*An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.*

THROUGH all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife:
 All professions be-rogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
 And the statesman because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

S O N G II.

Tune.—*The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.*

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be see'd into our arms.

S O N G III.

Tune.—*Why is your faithful slave disdain'd, &c.*

IF love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame !
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
She's what I dare not name.

S O N G IV.

Tune.—*Of all the simple Things we do, &c.*

A MAID is like a golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whose worth is never known, before
It is try'd, and impreſt in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp't with the name of her ſpouſe ;
Now here, now there ; is bought or is fold ;
And is current in every houſe.

S O N G V.

Tune.—*What ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her.*

VIRGINS are like the fair flowers in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;

Near

Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around ;
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trode under feet.

S O N G VI

Tune,—*Oh London is a fine Town.*

OUR Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter,
For she must have both hoods and gowns,
And hoops to swell her pride
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace ;
And she will have men beside ;
And when she's drest with care and cost,
All tempting fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.
Our Polly is a sad slut, &c.

S O N G VII.

Tune,—*Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
Will Cupid our mothers obey ?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kist me, so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd ;
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry for fear you should chide.

S O N G VIII.

Tune,—*A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A FOX may steal your hens, sir,
A whore your health and pence, sir,

You,

Your daughter rob your chest, fir
 Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
 A thief your goods and plate ;
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken
 It ever was decreed, fir,
 If lawyers hand is fee'd, fir,
 He steals your whole estate.

S O N G IX.

Tune,—Over the hills and far away.

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
 And in my arms embrac'd my lass ;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
 Too soon the half-year's night would pass.
 Were I sold on Indian soil,
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
 And I would love you all the day,
 Every night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray,
 Over the hills and far away.

S O N G X.

Tune,—O the broom, &c.

THE miser thus a shilling fees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,
 And fears 'tis gone for aye,
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
 The bird in silence eyes ;
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, fobs, and cries.

SONG

S O N G XI.

Tune,—*Cotillon.*

YOUTH'S the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs
 Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow,
 Love with youth flies swift to-day,
 Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

S O N G XII.

Tune,—*When once I lay with another Man's Wife.*

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
 If they meddle, your all is in danger;
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soufe,
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
 And they give your estate to a stranger.

S O N G XIII.

Tune,—*Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.*

MAN may escape from rope or gun,
 Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
 Who takes a woman must be undone,
 That basilisk is sure to kill.
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

SONG

S O N G XIV.

Tune,—*The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.*

THE first time at the looking glass
 The mother sets her daughter,
 The image strikes the smiling lass,
 With self-love ever after.
 Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
 Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger :
 But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
 Can see you are not younger.

S O N G XV.

Tune,—*How happy are we, &c.*

WHEN you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries—that was levelled at me.

S O N G XVI.

Tune,—*London Ladies.*

IF you at an office solicit your due,
 And would not have matters neglected ;
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
 To do what his duty directed.
 Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
 She too has this palpable failing,
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;
 That reason with all is prevailing.

S O N G XVII.

Tune,—*Packington's Pound.*

THUS gamesters united in friendship are found,
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,
 They

They flock to their prey at the dice box's sound,
And join to promote one another's deceit ;
 But if by mishap,
 They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap :
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

S O N G XVIII.

Tune,—*Lillibulero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true you find,
 Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

S O N G XIX.

Tune,—*Down in the North Country, &c.*

WHAT gudgeons are we men !
Every woman's easy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, agen
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

S O N G XX.

Tune,—*A Cobler there was, &c.*

OURSELVES, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it, must give up our gang :
And

And good reason why,
Or instead of the fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I
Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang;
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

SONG XXI.

Tune—*Green Sleeves.*

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company,
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string,
Upon Tyburn tree!

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTHE, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she but and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawing free;
But, cunning carling that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gare the scuds gae glibber down.

We

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And ay the cleanest drinker out,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxters fat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a fappy kifs I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;
 But the blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

SAILOR'S SONG.

HOW happy are we,
 Now the wind is abaft ;
 And the bo'swain he pip.
 Haul both your sheets a r.
 Steady, steady, says the mainer,
 It blows a fresh gale ;
 We'll soon reach our port, boys,
 If the wind does not fail.
 Then drink about Tom,
 Although the ship roll :
 Then drink about Tom,
 Although the ship roll :
 We'll fave our rich liquor,
 We'll fave, &c.
 By flinging our bowl.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With claret, canary, theorboe and voice ;
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.
 In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,
 That mouse trap of honour, and may-game of fate ;
 For

For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,
He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx :
His plot against death's but a slender pretence,
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence !

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground :
Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her ;
Although she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

The right hearted soldier who's a stranger to fear,
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near ;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
An hardly thinks it will ever remain ;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flourish his standard a hundred years hence.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring ;
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundred years hence.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling
strife,
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ;
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his
knavery ;
Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,
He'll be non est inventus a hundred years hence.

The plush-coated quack, who, his feesto enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge ;
He builds up fair structures with ill gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss pot, and the ruins of health
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
He'll be turn'd into a mummy a hundred years hence

The meagre chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets
twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty ;
Lays

Lays up for a season he never will see,
 The year of one thousand eight hundred and three :
 He must change all his houses, his lands, and his rents
 For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
 To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions ;
 Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
 Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,
 Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
 Knows not what will become of him a hundred years
 hence.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
 And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
 Must to the caprice of fortune submit ;
 Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit :
 Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and
 sense,
 Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,
 By converting our joys into sighs and to tears ?
 Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,
 And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,
 We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence
 Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square
 And lives within compass by rules that are fair ;
 Whilst honour and conscience approve all his deeds,
 As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,
 With friendship and love, discretion and sense,
 Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

JOHNNY FAA THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And vow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very compleat,
 That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;

As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith an kin, and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me ;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.

Come to your bed, says Johnny Faa,
Oh come to your bed, my deary :
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye

I'll go to bed to my Johnny Faa,
I'll go to bed to my deary ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a hap to my Johnny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at een,
And spier'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny :
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

OLD CHIRON.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates' will is:

You, my boy, must go
(The gods will have it so)

To the siege of Troy ;

Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before those walls to be slain.

Let not your noble courage be cast down,
But all the while you ly before the town,
Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry :
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

SUM up all the delights

This world does produce,

The darling allurements

Now chiefly in use,

You'll find if compar'd,

There's none can contend,

With the solid enjoyments

Of a bottle and friend.

For honour, for wealth,

For beauty may waste ;

These joys often fade,

And rarely do last ;

They're so hard to attain,

And so easily lost,

That the pleasure ne'er answers

The trouble and cost.

None but wine and true friendship

Are lasting and sure,

From jealousy free,

And from envy secure ;

Then fill all the glasses

Until they run o'er,

A friend

A friend and good wine
Are the charms we adore.

DUNT, DUNT, PITTIE PATTIE.

Tune,—Yellow hair'd Laddie.

ON Whitfunday morning
I went to the fair,
My yellow-hair'd laddie
Was selling his ware ;
He gied me sic a blythe blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink
It was unto me.

I wist not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee starnies
Flew ay frae my een ;
And the sweat it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie

I wist not what ail'd me
When I went to my bed,
I tossed and tumbled,
And sleep frae me fled.
Now its sleeping and waking
He's ay in my eye,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

ROGER AND DOLLY.

As Dolly was milking of the cows,
Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,
And made unto her most delicate bows,
And then he went tripping it back again,
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,

For

For it is your company that I do lack,
 Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.
 I winna come back, nor I canna come back ;
 I wonot, I cannot ; no, no, not I :
 And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
 You may lack it until the day you die.
 Oh ! do you not mind the curds and cream,
 And many a bottle of good March beer ?
 When you was going along with your team ?
 And then it was Dolly my own sweet dear.
 But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

THE INVOCATION.

YE powers that o'er mankind preside,
 And pity human woes,
 My steps to some retirement guide,
 That no disturbance knows.
 Ye powers, &c.

There let my soul forget her pain,
 Restor'd to blissful peace again ;
 Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,
 To feel the sorrows of the great.
 To feel the sorrows of the great.

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

VIRGINS, if e'er at last it prove,
 My destiny to be in love,
 Pray wish me this good fate :
 May wit and prudence be my guide,
 And may a little decent pride
 My actions regulate.

If e'er I an amour commence,
 May it be with a man of sense,
 And learned education ;
 May all courtship easy be,
 Neither too formal nor too free,
 But wisely shew his passion.

May

May his estate be like to mine,
 That nothing look like a design
 To bring us into sorrow
 Grant me but this that I have said,
 And willingly I'll live a maid
 No longer than to morrow.

STILL HE'S THE MAN.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and though he flies me,
 Still,—still he's the man.
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear;
 When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
 So when you have said all you can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

I caught him one day making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a man?
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
 So let me do all that I can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art:
 I do what I can;
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man!
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can,
 He,—still is the man.

AN OLD CATCH.

NOW God be wi' old Symon,
 For he made cans to many a one,
 And a good old man was he,
 And Jenken was his journeyman,
 And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry can,

And

And thus he said to me :
To whom drink you, Sir knave ?
Turn the timber like the lave ;
Ho ! Jolly Jenken,
I spy a knave in drinking ;
Come, troll the bowl to me.

THE COBLER'S MERITS.

Tune,—*Charming Sally.*

OF all the trades from east to west,
The cobbler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last he labours.

THE COBLER'S HAPPINESS.

Tune,—*Come let us prepare.*

LET matters of state,
Disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex him ;
Has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can strap, if she vex him.
He's out of the pow'r
Of Fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be she has thrust him ;
From duns he's secure,
For being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

THE HONOURABLE SUPPORT.

Tune,—*The milking-pail.*

I HATE the coward tribes,
Who, by mean sneaking bribes,
S

By

By tricks and disguise,
 By flattery and lies,
 To power and grandeur rise.
 Like heroes of old,
 Be still greatly bold ;
 Let the sword your cause support.
 Never learn to fawn,
 And never be drawn
 Your truth to pawn
 Among the spawn
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

SELF, THE PRIME MOVER.

Tune,—*Hunt the Squirrel.*

THE world is always jarring,
 This is pursuing
 T' other man's ruin ;
 Friends with friends are warring
 In a false cowardly way.
 Spurr'd on by emulations,
 Tongues are engaging,
 Calumny raging,
 Murders reputations,
 Envy keeps up the fray.
 Thus, with burning heat,
 Each returning hate
 Wounds and robs his friends
 In civil life ;
 Even man and wife
 Squabble for selfish ends.

THE SPOTLESS VIRGIN.

Tune,—*My deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen snow appears
 The spotless virgin's fame,
 Unfully'd white her bosom bears
 As fair her form and fame ;

But

But when she's foil'd, her lustre greets
Th' admiring eye no more ;
She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,
And swells the common shore.

THE WORTH OF WINE.

Tune,—Let's be jovial.

'Tis wine that clears the understanding,
Makes men learn'd withouten books :
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives fogers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair ;
Truth from falsehood it discovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things ;
When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire
At flights above the reach of kings.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toasts gone round.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

WOMEN COMPARED TO CHINA.

Tune,—Pinks and Lilies.

A WOMAN'S ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought ;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.
When broke, &c.

A woman at St. James's,
 With hundreds you obtain ;
 But stay till lost her fame is,
 She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.
 She'll be cheap, &c.

SLOW MEN OF LONDON.

THERE were three lads in our town,
 Slow men of London ;
 They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
 Yet they left her undone.

They often tasted the widow's cheer,
 Slow men of London ;
 Yet the widow was never the near,
 For still they left her undone.

They went to work without their tools,
 Slow men of London ;
 The widow she sent them away like fools,
 Because they left her undone.

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,
 Slow men of London ;
 They never shall woo this widow again,
 Because they left her undone.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADERS.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE manners of the great affect ;
 Stint not your pleasure :
 If conscience had their genius checkt,
 How got they treasure ?
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,
 Careless who is undone ;
 Morals and honesty leave the poor,
 As they do at London.

THE

THE PIMP AND POLITICIAN PARALLELS.

Tune,—*'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town.*

IN pimps and politicians
 The genius is the same :
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame :
 With a tongue well tipt with lies
 Each the want of parts supplies
 And with a heart that's all disguise
 Keeps his schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the devil,
 'They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts and then connives,
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

PHILANDER AND AMORET.

WHEN gay Philander fell a prize
 To Amoretta's conquering eyes,
 He took his pipe, he sought the plain,
 Regardless of his growing pain,
 And resolutely bent to wrest
 The bearded arrow from his breast.
 Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,
 Be Cupid and his bow defy'd ;
 But as the gales obsequious flew,
 With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
 He did unknowingly repeat
 The breath of Amoret is sweet.
 His pipe again the shepherd try'd,
 And warbling nightingales reply'd ;
 Their sounds in rival measures move,
 And meeting e' choes charm the grove :

His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since every fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene.
Sad change for him! for sighing there,
He thought of lovers in despair.

Convinc'd, the sad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, assert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains:
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are sweet.

THE WIT AND THE BEAUX.

Tune,—*Bright Aurelia.*

WITH every grace young Strephon chose
His person to adorn,
That by the beauties of his face
In Sylvia's love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

With bows and smiles he did his part,
But, oh! 'twas all in vain;
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon dress'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
In love alone the other dress'd,
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his glass;
There in himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd that where a wit pretends,
A beau is but an ass.

THE

THE NURSE'S SONG.

Tune,—*Yellow Stockings.*

Hey ! my kitten, a-kitten,
 Hey ! my kitten, a deary ;
 Such a sweet pett as this
 Is neither far nor neary :
 Here we go up, up, up ;
 Here we go down, down, downy ;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy,

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock ;
 See, fee, sic a downy ;
 Gallop, a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to the market ;
 Squeek, mouse, mouse, mousy ;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
 And hear thy own dol dousy.

Where was a jewel and petty,
 Where was a sugar and spicy ;
 Hush a baba in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
 Did a papa torment it ?
 Did-e vex his own baby ? did-e ?
 Hush a baba in a bosie ;
 Take ous own fucky : did-e ?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,
 Now the sweet posset comes up ;
 Who said my child was pifs'd all ?
 Come water my chickens, come clock,
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;
 Come, gi'e me your hand, and I'll beat him :
 Who was it vexed my baby ?

Where was a laugh and a craw ;
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?

Goody, good child shall be fed,
 But naughty child shall get nony.
 Get ye gone raw-head and bloody-bones,
 Here is a child that won't fear ye.
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

THE MAGPYE.

GOOD people draw near,
 A story ye's hear,
 A story both pleasant and true;
 Which happened of late,
 And's not out of date,
 I am going to tell it to you.
 It was an old cobbler,
 Who soal'd shoes at Dubler,
 And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;
 And then with his wife,
 As dear as his life,
 When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

This cobbler, they say,
 Being drunk on a day,
 His wife she did murmur and chat;
 This cobbler, they say,
 Did thrash her that day,
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

He had a magpye
 That was very sly,
 And used for to murmur and chat;
 Who soon got the tone,
 Before it was long,
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

And this magpye,
 Who was so very sly,
 He into a meeting-house gat;
 And as the old parson
 Was canting his lesson,
 Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

The parson surpris'd,
 Did lift up his eyes :
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need :
 For Satan, I fear,
 Does visit us here ;
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

The parson again
 Began to explain
 To those around him that sat ;
 But Magpie indeed
 Flew over his head,
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

'Then the parson did skip
 Five yards at a leap,
 From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;
 And left every faint,
 Quite ready to faint
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

Then some without hats,
 And some without caps
 Then out of the meeting-house gat :
 And Magpie hopp'd after,
 Which caused much laughter,
 Crying, What a pox wad ye be at ?

Then a sanctify'd soul,
 Who thought to controul,
 Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,
 Said, Satan, How dare
 You thus to appear
 In this our sanctify'd place ?

But Magpie he pranc'd,
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,
 And out of the meeting-house gat,
 And all the way long,
 He kept up his song,
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at !

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.
 Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone,
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.
 The god of wine the victory
 To beauty yields with joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.

MASON'S SONG.

Tune;—*Leave off your foolish prating.*

We have no idle prating,
 Of either Whig or Troy ;
 But each agrees
 To live at ease,
 And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS.

Fill to him, to the brim ;
 Let it round the table roll ;
 The divine tells you, wine
 Cheers the body and the soul.

We will be men of pleasure,
 Despising pride or party ;
 Whilst knaves and fools
 Prescribe us rules,
 We are sincere and hearty.
 Fill to him. &c.

If any are so foolish,
 To wine for courtier's favour,
 We'll bind him o'er
 To drink no more.

Till he has a better favour.

Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted mason
Should talk of high or low church,

We'll set him down

A shallow crown,

And understanding no church.

Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkness,

About us they conjecture ;

But little think

A song in drink

Succeeds the mason's lecture.

Fill to him, &c.

Then, landlord, bring a hog'shead,

And in the corner place it ;

'Till it rebound

With hollow sound

Each mason here shall face it.

Fill to him, &c.

THE FRUGAL MAID.

I AM a poor maiden forsaken,

Yet I bear a contented mind ;

I am a poor maiden forsaken,

Yet I'll find another more kind :

For altho' I be forsaken,

Yet this I would have you to know,

I ne'er was so ill provided

But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

I own that once I lov'd him,

But his scorn I cou'd never endure,

Nor yet to that height of perfection,

For his slights to love him the more.

I own he was very engaging,

Yet this I would have you to know,

I ne'er was so ill provided,

But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

Ye

Ye maidens, who hear of my ditty,
 And are unto loving inclin'd,
 Mens minds they are subject to changing,
 And wavering like to the wind ;
 Each object creates a new fancy :
 Then this I would have you to do ;
 Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
 And keep two or three strings to your bow.

DAMON'S PICTURE OF CELIA.

Tune,—Down the burn, Davie.

ASSIST your vot'ry, friendly Nine,
 Inspire becoming lays ;
 Cause Celia's matchless beauty shine,
 Till heaven and earth shall blaze.
 She's pleasant as returning light,
 Sweet as the morning ray,
 When Phoebus quells the shades of night
 And brings the chearful day.

Her graceful forehead's wond'rous fair,
 As purest air serene ;
 No gloomy passion rising there,
 O'ercast the peaceful scene :
 Her small bright eye-brows finely bend,
 Transport darts from her eyes ;
 The sparkling diamond they transcend,
 Or stars which gem the skies.

A rising blush of heavenly dye
 O'er her fair cheek still glows ;
 Her shining locks in ringlets lie,
 Well shap'd and siz'd her nose ;
 Her smiling lips are lovely red,
 Like roses newly blown ;
 Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)
 You'd wish for ever shown.

Her snowy neck, and breasts like glass,
 Or polish'd marble smooth,
 That nymph in beauty far surpass
 Who fir'd the Trojan youth ;

Her

Her slender waist white arm and hand,
 Just symmetry does grace :
 What's hid from these (if you demand)
 Let lively fancy trace.

A sprightly and angelic mind
 Reigns in this comely frame,
 With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
 Inspires the whole like flame :
 Minerva or Diana's state,
 With Venus' softness join'd,
 Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
 Love's rightful queen design'd.

Good gods ! what raptures fire my soul !
 How flutters my fond heart !
 When tender glances art controul,
 And love suppress'd impart.
 Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,
 Complete my dawning bliss ;
 At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
 Nor grudge their happiness.

THE NEW LIGHT.

CELIA, now my heart hath broke
 The bond of your ungentle yoke,
 Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain
 By which I strove so long in vain :
 May I be slighted if I e'er
 Am caught again within your snare.
 Am caught, &c.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,
 In vain your wily snares are set ;
 The birds can now your arts espy,
 And, arm'd with caution, from them fly :
 Some heedless swain your prey may be,
 But faith, you're too well known to me.
 But faith, &c.

I with

I with contempt can now despise
 The treach'rous follies of your eyes,
 And with contempt can fit and hear
 You prattle nonsense half a year,
 And go away as little mov'd
 As you were lately when I lov'd.
 As you, &c.

I wonder what the plague it was
 Made me such a stupid ass,
 To fancy such a noble grace
 In your language, mien and face,
 Where now I nothing more can find
 Than what I see in all your kind.
 Than what, &c.

Thus when the drowsy god of sleep
 Upon our wearied fancies creep,
 Some headless piece of image rise,
 By fancies form'd delude our eyes :
 But soon as e'er the god of day
 Appears, they faint and die away.
 Appears, they, &c.

THE FICKLE FIX'D.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
 Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;
 From beauty still to beauty ranging,
 In ev'ry place I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
 An eye that gave the fatal stroke,
 Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
 And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
 For Belvidera I endure ;
 Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish :
 Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For

For here the false unconstant lover,
 After a thousand beauties shown,
 Does new surprising charms discover,
 And finds variety in one.



EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS.

A', all
Albeit, although
Aboon, above
Ae, one
Aff, off
Aften, often
Aik, oak
Ain, own
Aith, oath
Air, early
Ajee, aside
Alane, alone
Amaist, almost
Ambry, cup-board
Ane, one
Anither, another
Awa, away
Auld, old
Ayont, beyond

B

BA', ball
Baith, both
Bane, bone
Bannocks, oat-bread.
Baps, roll-bread
Bawm, balm
Bauk, baulk
Bedrals, beadles
Beet, to help or repair
Bend, to drink

Bennison, blessing
Bent, the open fields
Bewith, somewhat in the
mean time
Birks, birch,
Bigg, build
Billy, brother
Binging, hecking, bend-
ing
Blate, bashful
Blaw, blow
Bleeze, blaze
Blink, glance of the eye
Blutter, blunder
Bode, predict
Bodin, stored
Bot or But, without
Bougils, sounding horns
Bountith, a gratuity
Bowt, bolt
Brachen, a sort of broth
Brae, rising ground
Brankit, primm'd up
Braid, broad
Brander, a gridiron
Braw, finely drest
Broach, a buckle
Brack, broken parts, or
refuse
Brow, the forehead
Bruik, to love or enjoy
Bught, sheep-fold

Burnist

EXPLANATION OF

Burnist, polished
 Burn, a rivulet
 Busk, to deck
 But and ben, be out and
 be in
 Byer, a cow-house

C

CA', call
 Cadgie, chearful
 Caff, calf, Id. chaff
 Canna, cannot
 Canker'd, angry
 Canny, cautious, lucky
 Carlings, old women, Id.
 boil'd pease
 Cauld, cold
 Cauler, cool, fresh
 Cawk, chalk
 Clag, failing or imper-
 fection
 Clat, a rake
 Claihs, cloaths
 Clashes, tittle tattle
 Clock, a beetle
 Cockernony, the hair
 bound up
 Cod, a pillow
 Coft, bought
 Cogg, a wooden dish
 Coof, a blockhead
 Coots, joint of the an-
 cle
 Courchea, or Curtehea,
 a handkerchief
 Crack, to boast
 Creel, basket, or ham-
 per
 Crocks, lean sheep
 Croft, corn-land
 Crouse, brisk, bold

Crowdy-mowdy, a sort of
 gruel
 Crummy, a cow's name.
 Cunzie, coin

D

DAFFIN, folly, wan-
 tonnes
 Dart, mad, foolish
 Dawt, fondle, caress
 Dight, to wipe
 Dinna, do not
 Ding, beat
 Dool, trouble
 Dosend, frozen, cold
 Dorty, haughty
 Dow, can, Id. dove
 Downa, cannot
 Dowf, spiritless
 Doughtna, could not
 Dowy, weary, lonely
 Drant, to speak slow
 Dramock, cold gruel
 Drap, drop
 Dwining, decaying
 Dunting, beating
 Dulce and tangle, sea-
 plants
 Durk, a dagger

E

E'ARD, earth
 Een, eyes
 Eild, age
 Eith, easy
 Elding, sewel
 Eem, cousin
 Ettle, aim
 Eydent, diligent

THE SCOTS WORDS

F

FA', fall	Gae, gave, Id. go
Fadge, a coarse sort of roll-bread	Gane, gone
Fae, foe	Gar, make or cause
Fand, found	Gawfy, jolly, large
Fangle, Newfangle, fond of what's new	Gate, way
Farles, thin oat-cakes	Gawn, going
Fash, trouble	Gaw'd, gall'd, Id. goad
Fause, false	Gawky, empty, foolish
Faut, fault	Gawnt, to yawn
Fee, wages	Geck, to flout and jeer
Feirs, brothers	Genty, small and neat
Fendy, active, industrious	Gin and gif, if
Fenzie, fain	Glaive, a sword
Ferley, wonder	Glaikit, idle and rom-pish
Fey, attended by a fatality	Glee, joy
Flee, fly	Gleed, squinting
Flouks, flounders	Glen, a hollow between hills
Flyte, to scold	Gloyd, an old horse
Fog, moss	Glowr, to stare
Foie, to the fore, in being or lasting	Gowk, the cuckow. Id. a fool
Fouth, plenty	Gowping, handful
Frae, from	Graip, to grope, Id. a trident fork for dung
Fraising, babbling with a foolish wonder	Graith, accoutrements
Fou, or fu, full	Grots, skinn'd oats

G

GAB, the mouth	Guteher, grandfather.
Gabbocs, large mouthfuls	
Gaberlunzie, a wallet that hangs on the side or loin	

H

HA', hall	
Hae, have	
Haf, half	
Hägies, a boil'd pudding made of a sheep's pluck minc'd with sewet	
Halucket, light-headed, whimsical	
Hale, whole	
Haly, holy	

Hame,

EXPLANATION OF

Hame, home
 Hames and brechomes,
 wore about the neck
 of a cart-horse
 Hawse, embrace
 Heefe, to lift
 Hecht, promised
 Heugh, any steep place
 Hoddle, to waddle in
 walking
 Hoden, coarse cloth
 Hows, hollows
 Howms, valleys on river
 fides

I

JEE, to go back and a-
 gain, the motion of a
 balance
 Ill-far'd, ill-favoured, or
 ugly
 Ilka, each
 Ilka, every
 Ingle, fire
 Jo, sweet-heart
 Jouk, to bow
 Irk, weary or tir'd
 Irie, afraid of ghosts
 Ishogles, icicles
 Ise, I shall
 Ither, other

K

KAIRN, or Cairn, heaps
 of monumental stones.
 Kail, coleworts, Id. broth
 Kame, comb
 Kebuck, a cheese
 Keek, peep
 Ken, know
 Kepp, to catch

Kilted, tucked up
 Kirn, churn
 Kimmer, a she gossip
 Kirtle, upper petticoat
 Kurchie, handkerchief

L

LAG, to fall behind
 Laigh, low
 Lane, own self
 Laith, loth
 Lapper'd, curdled
 Law, low
 Lawty, justice
 Lave, the rest
 Lee, fallow ground
 Leefome, lovely
 Leeze me, a phrase used
 when one loves or is
 pleased with a person
 Leil, exact
 Leugh, laughed
 Lib, to geld
 Lilt, a tune
 Linkan, to move quickly
 Loor, rather
 Loos, loves
 Loun, a sly wench
 Lout, to bow
 Lowan, flaming
 Lown, calm
 Lucken, gathered toge-
 ther or close joined to
 one another
 Lyart, hoary, or grey

M

MAIK, a mate
 Mair, more
 Maist, most

Makfna,

THE SCOTS WORDS.

Makfna, it matters not
 Mane, moan
 March, limits or border

of grounds
 Marrow, match
 Maun, must
 Mawking, a hare
 Mavis, the turush
 Meikle or Muckle, much
 Meise, move

Mends, revenge
 Menfe, manners. Id. to
 decorate

Menzie, a company or
 retinue

Milfy, a search for milk

Mint, attempt

Minny, mother

Mirk, dark

Mons-meg, a very large
 iron cannon in the cas-
 tle of Edinburgh, ca-
 pable of holding two
 people

Mon, mouth

Moup, to eat as wanting
 teeth

Mouter, the miller's toll

Muck, dung

Mutches, linen quoifs or
 hoods

N

NA' and Nae, no none
 Nane, none
 Nees, nose
 Neist, next
 Neither, starve or pinch
 Nowther neither

O

OE, grand-child
 Ony, any
 Owrlly, a cravat
 Owfen, oxen
 Oxter, arm-pit

P

PANTREY, a buttery
 Partans, crab-fish
 Pat, put
 Pawky, cunning
 Paunches, tripe
 Peat pot, peat, coal pit
 Pibroch, a highland tune
 Pickle, a small share
 Pig, earthen pot
 Pillar, stool of repen-
 tance
 Pine, pain
 Pith, strength
 Plet, to fold. Id. twist
 Poortith, poverty
 Pou, or Pu, well
 Powfowdy, ram head
 soup
 Prig, haggle
 Prive, to prove, or taste

R

RAIR, roar
 Rashe, rushes
 Red up, put in order
 Renzie, rain
 Rever, robber
 Riffarts, radishes
 Rife, plenty

Riggs,

EXPLANATION OF

Riggs, ridges
Row, roll
Rowth, wealth
Rude, crows
Runkled, wrinkled
Rung, a club
Ruse or roose, to praise

S

SAE, so
Saft, soft
Sair, sore
Sawt, salt
Seim, appearances
Sell, self
Sey, try
Shanna, shall not
Shangy-mouth'd or she-
vilgabbit, the mouth
much to one side
Sharn, cow-dung
Shaw, show, Id. a woody
bank
Shoo, a Shoe
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Shire, thin
A shire lick, a smart
fellow
Sic, or sick, such
Sican, such an one
Sin, or syne, such
Sindle, seldom
Sinsyne, since that time
Skair, share
Skaith, harm, loss
Skink, strong soup
Sma', small
Snack, smart
Snaw, snow

Sneift, to snarl
Sniffing, snuff
Snood, a head band
Snug, convenient, neat
Sodden, boil'd
Sonfy, fortunate, jolly
Sowens, a kind of sowerd
gruel, boiled like paste
Soum, of sheep 20
Spake, spoke
Speer, to ask
Spelding, dried white fish
Stane, stone
Starns, stars
Steek, shut
Stend, stalk hastily
Stirk, a young bullock
Stoup, a prop
Strae, straw
Streek, stretch
Stenzie, to strain
Swats, small ale
Sweer, unwilling, lazy
Swither, in doubt
Seybows, young onions
Syne, then

T

TAE, toe
Tald, told
Taiken, token
Tane, taken, Id. the one
Tap, top
Taulk, talk
Thae, those
Tent, notice
Theyse, they shall
Thole, to suffer
Thowless, spiritless

Thud,

THE SCOTS WORDS.

Thud, noise of a stroke
 Tine, lose
 Tint, lost
 Titter, rather
 Tocher, dowry
 Tooly, fight, contend
 Todlen, a rolling short
 step
 Touzle, to ruffle
 Trig, neat
 Trow, believe
 Triste, appointment
 Twin, to part from

W

WAD, would
 Wae, wo
 Wale, to choose, the choice
 Wean, child
 Wallowit, faded or with-
 thered
 Wan, pale, Id. won
 Wallop, gallop
 Wame, womb, belly
 Ware, bestow
 War, worse
 Wat, know
 Waws, walls
 Wauk, walk, Id. wake
 Wakerise, not inclined to
 sleep
 Wear in, hem in
 Wee, little

Weind, thought
 Weirs, wars
 Wha, who
 Whang, a large cut
 Whatrecks, what matters
 it
 Whilk, which
 Whinging, whining
 Whisht, hold your peace
 Whillywha, a cheat, or
 bite
 Wilks, periwinkles
 Win, or won, dwell
 Winna, will not
 Windsome, handsome
 Wist, known
 Withershins, to move con-
 trary
 Woo, wool
 Wood, mad
 Woody, a withy
 Wow, wonderful! Id. ah!
 Wylie, cunning
 Wyson, the gullet
 Wyte, to blame
 Unco, very strange

Y

Yad, a mare
 Yese, ye shall
 Yern, desire
 Yestreen, yesternight.



